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VALDA, YOU'VE FIVE MINUTES

Part 1 of an intriguing
murder mystery by

A. E. MARTIN

"THERE must be some little thing wrong that's not quite right," my wife said. I gave her a look, but she settled back in the front seat of the car and closed her eyes.

"You go right ahead, dear, and fix it," she went on, snuggling deeper into the cushions. "After all, it's broken down in quite a nice spot."

I thought, if she were going to sleep and I, in my short sleeves, was to dig and delve into the disgusting entrails of the wretched car, it didn't matter what sort of place the thing had chosen to break down in.

Nevertheless, as I looked about me, I confessed Mona was right.

So far as the motor road knew them, we were on the crest of the Hummocks, a line of low, bare hills that provided the tail to the range that stretched indefinitely northward. We had climbed no noble height, but at least we commanded a view, even if it was only one of flat land stretching in an immense green carpet to the shores of the distant gulf.

It was one of those clear, crisp mornings when we should have been able to see ships a-sailing. But there were no ships. As far as I could see between us and the gulf there was nothing but grass and stunted bush with no sign of habitation.

Watching closely, you could discern the lazy movement of inaudible waves as they curled in to make patterns in foam along the flat, deserted beach. Except for that there was no movement.

For miles round, the country appeared to be holding its breath, sluggish in the welcome warmth of a perfect winter's day. The sunshine was no more than a caress, and twenty feet below the built-up highway dew still glistened.

Lighting my pipe, I sauntered to the protective railing that lined one side of the road, and, leaning, scowled at the car.

Mona's voice came drowsily: "Unless you're going to make it work, Rodney, I think we should telephone Nell."

"Mona, my true love," I retorted, "there is no chance of telephoning your adorable sister." I added, malevolently, "Let the sausages wither."

"Oh, Nell wouldn't have sausages," Mona said.

I didn't pursue the subject, but peered into the innards of the ailing Retallick. I am not mechanically minded. I am a physician, not a surgeon.

I felt that whatever I did to the inside of the automobile would be wrong, and I prayed fervently for the approach of a car driven by one of those cool, efficient fellows who talk off-handedly of carburetors and sparking-plugs as if they were mere thromboses or polypi.

"I wouldn't rely on anyone coming," Mona said, her eyes still closed. Nevertheless, I glanced along the highway we hoped to travel and then strolled to the fork in the road we had turned as we reached the crest. But there was no hurrying speck on either horizon, and, with a sigh, I began to poke at the oily entrails of the Retallick.

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Getting the hang of things
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Valda, You've Five Minutes

Continued from page 3

BY dint of rattling the spanner against this and that, I awakened the echoes with some hearty industrial noises, and Mona asked, "Have you got it going?"

"No, I haven't," I said, shortly. "If only I had a hairpin . . . I was well aware she never used them."

"I really think, Rodney, we should telephone," my wife said again.

"For the hundredth time, Mona," I cried, exasperated into exaggeration, "how can we telephone from the midst of nowhere?"

"Well, it seems quite unfair to Nellie," she retorted, as illogical as ever. "She's probably put her best bib on. We're an hour late."

I wanted to say, "And whose fault is that?" but asked myself, "What's the use?"

I'd wanted to start at eight. We could have been at my sister-in-law's country home comfortably by noon, and settled down to the holiday we'd planned. But by the time Mona had been ready to start, it was ten. And there had been the delay at the pipey camp. My wife had insisted on having her fortune told.

It had been a little queer the way that paunchy Romany had looked at her and said, "So you've come back, eh? Looking for more bad luck." Of course, she'd never been there before, as he realised when she spoke.

All the rigmorale about prospective offspring and halcyon days ahead had taken up the best part of an hour, and now the effete Retallick had played up.

Opening her eyes, Mona said, "For goodness sake, Rodney, make an effort. Hit a bolt or something."

"Do you realise, my girl, that tinkering with the unknown may have disastrous consequences?" I asked grimly. I tinkered uselessly a little more.

"Hit a bolt, indeed! Suppose it was the right bolt," I said then. "The car might leap suddenly forward and hurtle into the depths with you in it. How'd you like to be shot off the highway? You'd be dead in a jiffy. Worse . . . your new hat crushed beyond recognition."

She patted the crazy thing affectionately and stepped out of the car, stretching her arms adorably.

"I know," I said, feeling better for the nearness of her. "I'll climb through the railing and hide below the level of the road. At the first sign of a car you'll proceed to the middle of the road and look helpless. I've heard it's infallible. The motorist will stop instantly."

"And when he stops?"

"I shall leap out—I mean up—and render him unconscious with this spanner. We will then leap lightly into his car, push our own over the nearest precipice, and live happily ever after."

"It sounds enthralling," Mona said, "but haven't I heard crime doesn't pay? Seriously, Rod, we can't stay here and perish. I think we—I mean you should walk back and inquire at the hut we just passed."

"I saw no hut," I said.

"I suppose you had your eyes on the road and your thoughts on some other woman," she said, and led me round the bend and pointed.

Sure enough, there was a mud excrecence on the side of the drab hill, and, emerging from it, a tall and very thin man who waved furiously. I waved back, glad of anyone who might perhaps deal with the refractory car.

We stood leaning on the road railing looking down on him as he approached. He was not exactly prepossessing. Hatless, his hair fell untidily over an abnormally high brow. His eyes were too small for the swollen dome above, and his face narrowed to a weak chin and smirking mouth. Mentally I classified him as hydrocephalic.

"Anyhow," Mona said, sensing my thoughts, "he's wearing his best suit—even if it wasn't made for him."

He was on the highway at last, towering over us, his beady eyes focused on my wife. Putting his fingers beside his absurd mouth, he shuffled like a shy schoolboy.

"My!" he giggled.

Mona smiled at him brazenly, and I coughed significantly.

"Oh, let the boy have his hour," she said, and, like a mannequin, pirouetted. The stranger gazed spellbound; then said mincingly: "I'm going to see you to-night."

Mona stopped abruptly in the middle of a pose.

"Yes," he went on eagerly. "You're in the circus, aren't you? All night I been hearing the trucks go by."

Mona was too surprised to speak.

"That's what comes of wearing that hat," I grinned.

"It's a rare pretty hat," the stranger said, and Mona wrinkled her nose at me.

The man was grubbing into the inside pocket of his ridiculously inadequate coat.

"But most I like you without clothes," he said simply, and, as Mona blinked, held out a printed paper. "Like that."

I glanced over my wife's shoulder. The paper had been torn from some cheap publication and the tall man pointed a crudely bandaged forefinger at a picture of a girl posing in tights. Before he carefully restored it to his pocket I had time to notice that there was certainly some resemblance to Mona.

So far as the hut dweller was concerned there was no doubt at all. He said, like a child telling of promised pleasures, "I'm going to the circus to-night." He looked pensively at the automobile.

It was a chance in a million. "If you can make it go," I said, "we'll take you." I added mischievously: "You shall ride in the back with the lady."

As the fellow walked towards the car, Mona said reproachfully, "You shouldn't. It's not fair promising Mr. Simon—"

"Simon?" I queried.

"Sh-h!" She nodded warningly towards the gangling creature who was poking an experimental finger into the engine of the Retallick.

She whispered, "Pieman . . . going to the fair. No money. Remember?"

I said, "If that poor devil can get the car going I'll eat my hat."

And, surprisingly, at that moment the Retallick sprang to life.

"Oh—oh," Mona said. "I hope you're hungry." She reached up, and, removing my hat, handed it to me.

"Well," I said, "your Mr. Simon deserves to ride beside his princess."

He stood wiping greasy fingers on his newly pressed pants, gazing into the interior of the car. With one foot on the running board he suddenly looked round. There was the strangest expression of mingled suspicion and fear in his eyes.

"We better see him first," he said. "Him?"

"He's down there," he told us, pointing to the paddock below the road.

"Who?" I asked, and, as he didn't reply, shook his sleeve. "What's he doing there?"

"I didn't go near," he said defensively. "I see him lying, but I didn't go near. I called, but he didn't answer. I was frightened."

"Better have a look-see," Mona counselled, and began to scramble

under the railing. I helped her down the slope.

When we reached the bottom Simon was standing, motionless, pointing at a spot some thirty feet from the roadway above. We followed his gaze and Mona caught her breath and turned quickly away, her face ashy white.

In the thin grass was a naked man. Even at that distance, and it must have been a dozen yards at least, I knew he was dead.

The tall man suddenly began whimpering.

"When did you find him?" I asked.

He turned slowly, blinking.

"Before I put on this new suit,"

He added eagerly, "But I haven't been near him. No closer'n this," and asked, "Who put him there?"

My eyes roamed the patches of grass and bare dampish earth surrounding the body, then, telling Mona and the stranger to stay where they were, I walked forward gingerly. I knew the importance of footprints.

The body was lying, face down, in a curiously humped position, almost as if it had been in the first stage of turning a somersault. The temple rested in an indentation in the soft earth, but the head was twisted and part of the cheek and chin was visible. I guessed his age as thirty-four.

I looked back to the road and could clearly distinguish the tracks I had made. Then my eyes carefully surveyed the area surrounding the corpse. There was not the slightest indentation.

How, then, I wondered, did the man come to be lying there, thirty feet from the road?

Of course, I'd known at once the cause of death. There was a bullet hole behind his ear.

I straightened, frowning, to find Mona beside me, still white, trembling slightly, but forcing a nonchalant smile.

She said, "Simon's run away to be sick." She looked down at the nude figure, ludicrous even in death, and made a little grimace.

"He's been shot," I told her. "See, the bullet went in there." I pointed to the hole behind the ear. "He was shot at very close quarters."

"And in the early morning," Mona said. "That's why he's undressed." She snapped her fingers. "I know. He was shot in the bath and dumped here. He must have shaved, finished his bath, and then got himself shot. It's a lesson, isn't it, to always lock your bathroom door and risk having a fainting fit."

I recognised her flippancy for bravado, and played up to it.

"O.K., Mrs. Holmes," I said. "Now tell me something else. How did he get thirty feet from the highway? Peek around. You can see my footprints, can't you?" I raised my eyebrows. "Where are yours?"

"I was very clever about that. I tiptoed in your marks," she said.

"Good for you!" I said. "Now, do you see any other prints? Any indentations? Any wheel tracks? There isn't a sign. Then how did he get here?"

"Oh, you'll never make a detective," she said. "He was dropped, of course. Out of an aeroplane. He was murdered thousands of miles away and flown here."

"But," I objected, "aeroplane have to travel at a good bat to keep up. When he hit the ground wouldn't he roll or bounce or something? This man looks as if he'd just plopped!"

"I know," she said. "A balloon."

"Balloons are extinct," I told her. "Anyway, it's not our worry. After all, my pet, you're not going to ride with Simple Simon. Whether he likes it or not he's got to stay here and watch the body."

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Whatever Became of Victoria?

Journeys end in lovers meeting — but when the handsome young professor went to find his old love, romance met him half-way

By ...
WILLIAM L. WORDEN

If she understood her only son just half the time, Elizabeth Kingman was reasonably content. She had been pleased when he received certain university degrees in marine biology, although she had not even a faint idea of why anyone should wish to cut up fish and investigate seals.

She had been terrified when, during the war, he piloted a plane which she understood was somehow fired out of a gun aboard a naval cruiser. Proportionately, she had been delighted again when he returned his peaceful summers poking around Alaskan beaches investigating the private thoughts of peculiar crustaceans and his winters explaining the structure of clams and whales to the students of Western University.

His suggestion that she come to live with him in an unnecessarily large house near the campus had delighted her in her widow's loneliness; and she had even become accustomed, if not entirely resigned, to the large pickled crabs and small fetal sharks which occupied jars in the attic.

In time, she ceased being startled when pleasant juvenile voices, male and female, inquiring by telephone for Professor or even Doctor Kingman in hushed tones. This still was Nick, who liked his eggs flipped over lightly in the frying pan.

This summer morning, she heard him in the attic and then on the stairway coming down. His light kiss on her forehead was delivered en route to the telephone, where he talked to an air line.

When he returned to the kitchen, he said, "They have a seat for me on the noon plane."

She said, "I still don't understand how you happen to be getting a car when just everybody is trying to find one. You didn't do anything illegal, Nicky?"

"No," he said. "I'm pure like snow. This dealer had some pet fish getting sick last spring and none of the veterinarians could help him. He wanted to pay me when they began getting well, so I said I'd settle for a summer delivery of a convertible. He took me seriously. He really liked his fish."

Elizabeth turned two eggs over just long enough to fog the yolks, then transferred them to a plate. She said, "Well, I don't know of anyone who deserves a car more."

"Mother," he said, "do you remember Victoria Banning?"

"Banning? No, I don't seem—"

"Black-haired girl," he said. "She lived over in Fort Rayes, I met her at a high school dance."

"Oh—the one who came over for a week-end and had such beautiful teeth?"

"I don't remember noticing her teeth," Professor Kingman said, "but that's the one."

"Whatever made you think of her?"

"I was going through some junk and I found this old picture."

He produced a dog-eared snapshot of a girl in a bathing suit, vintage of 1936, posing on a diving-board by lying on her back on it, head over the end, one leg pointing as if at a passing seaplane. The position had doubtless pleased the photographer and also proved that she was something of a gymnast, if not a diver.

Mrs. Kingman said, "Well—"

"I wonder what became of her."

He put the picture back in his wallet. "I don't think I ever heard," she said. "I know Mary Bergstrom married that Calhoun boy, and Louise Williams was divorced, but"

Professor Kingman ate an egg. "Victoria," he said, "was a nice girl."

"Yes, as I remember. But I never dreamed she had sent you any pictures like this."

The professor ignored the rebuke. He said, "I suppose everybody wonders now and then what has become of people."

"Yes," said his mother, "I should imagine they do."

"But nobody ever does anything about it, do they?"

Elizabeth Kingman had a sudden mental panorama of what seemed an endless line of young women, all of whom she had thought she could safely forget. The young women had been painfully sweet or had ignored her, according to their dispositions, but they had shared a certain expression when each of them looked, in her turn, at the tallish young man who was now finishing his second egg.

"Doing anything about it," said Elizabeth, "would be absurd."

"Yes," agreed her son. "It would be. Absurd."

The small convertible was a venomous green color about which there had definitely been no choice. Nevertheless, it did have a pleasant responsiveness. Professor Nicholas Kingman didn't slow down on the way home until he hit the outskirts of Fort Rayes and passed a low, white stucco building with a dine-and-dance sign.

He had been there once, he remembered, with Victoria Banning. He went on until he came to the beginning of the business section. Then he turned sharply to the right, presently craning his neck to look at the Presbyterian Church and the houses which occupied the rest of that block.

Professor Kingman permitted the car to drift, counted over in his mind the houses he had just seen, frowned, and backed up to the lot next door to the church. The lot should have had an elderly house on it, painted green. The lawn was green and well kept. But there was no green house.

A small boy on a bicycle stopped himself by dragging one shoe. He looked at the car. "Not too bad," he said. "I'll bet they nicked you plenty for it."

Nick stopped staring at the lot. "It's all right," he said. "Son, wasn't there a house here closer to the church?"

"Never been a house there in all the years I've lived here." The obvious maximum for such experience was about eight years. "How do you get the doors open with no handles—just with those little button things?"

Nick said, "Come on over and try one."

The boy pushed the right car door button not once but three times. Then he remembered his manners. "Here comes my old man home from work," he said. "I'll ask him about that house."

The approaching man listened to his son's question. He said, "There was a little house painted green." He glanced at Nick. "The church bought it and tore it down right after we came to Fort Rayes. Used you to live around here?"

"No," Nick said. "I was just wondering about a family named Banning. They used to live in it."

"Banning?" The man considered the name. "I don't remember anybody like that. The place was vacant for a while."

Nick said, "It doesn't matter. Thanks anyhow."



The policeman frowned at Nick and Sally. "You'll have to move on," he said.

He drove downtown with the faded snapshot in his pocket and a curious embarrassment in his mind. At a restaurant, he nosed the convertible in to the kerb, found a menu, and ordered steak from it. Between the mysterious soup and the salad, a fat little man wearing glasses stopped beside Nick's table.

His "Hello, Lieutenant" snapped the professor's head up. "Isn't your name Kingman?"

Nick admitted it.

"Maybe you don't remember me," the little man said. "I was a war correspondent. My name's Jones. I did a story about you once."

"I remember you very well," Nick said. "The story said I was the only biologist who ever doubled as a human cannonball. About half my students still call me Professor Cannonball."

The little man didn't seem to be sorry. "What are you doing here, Lieutenant?"

"I am getting ready," Nick said, "to eat a steak."

"Okay, okay. But just your being here is a story."

"Why?"

"Well, we never get any worthwhile stories in Fort Rayes, so we have to work on what we can find." He added, "I own the paper here now. I'm going to send a reporter over to talk to you."

Nick said, "No," and looked for a waitress.

"It won't take any time," Jones said, "and there's no use flagging for a waitress. If I give them the sign, you won't get your steak for hours. You'll like Sally."

"I'd like my steak."

"I'm going out through the kitchen," Jones said. "Our plant's just across the alley. I'll tell the cook to fix you a special. It's worth waiting for. Don't go away."

The young woman who came in through the kitchen almost as soon as Jones went out did not take up much room. But what there was of her caused no pain, either front or side view. There was some nice blonde hair, the eyes were very deep blue, and the mouth needed no rearranging.

Nick had to give up additional study when she approached the table. "You're Mr. Kingman?"

For the second time in a single evening he admitted it.

"All right," she said. "Give me your home address and that stuff, and then you can speak your piece." She was seated now, rearranging

some of his dinner dishes to make writing space for herself on the table.

He said, "Wait just a minute, Miss —"

"Abernathy," she said.

"Miss Abernathy. I told Jones I didn't want to be interviewed. What makes you think I have any piece to speak?"

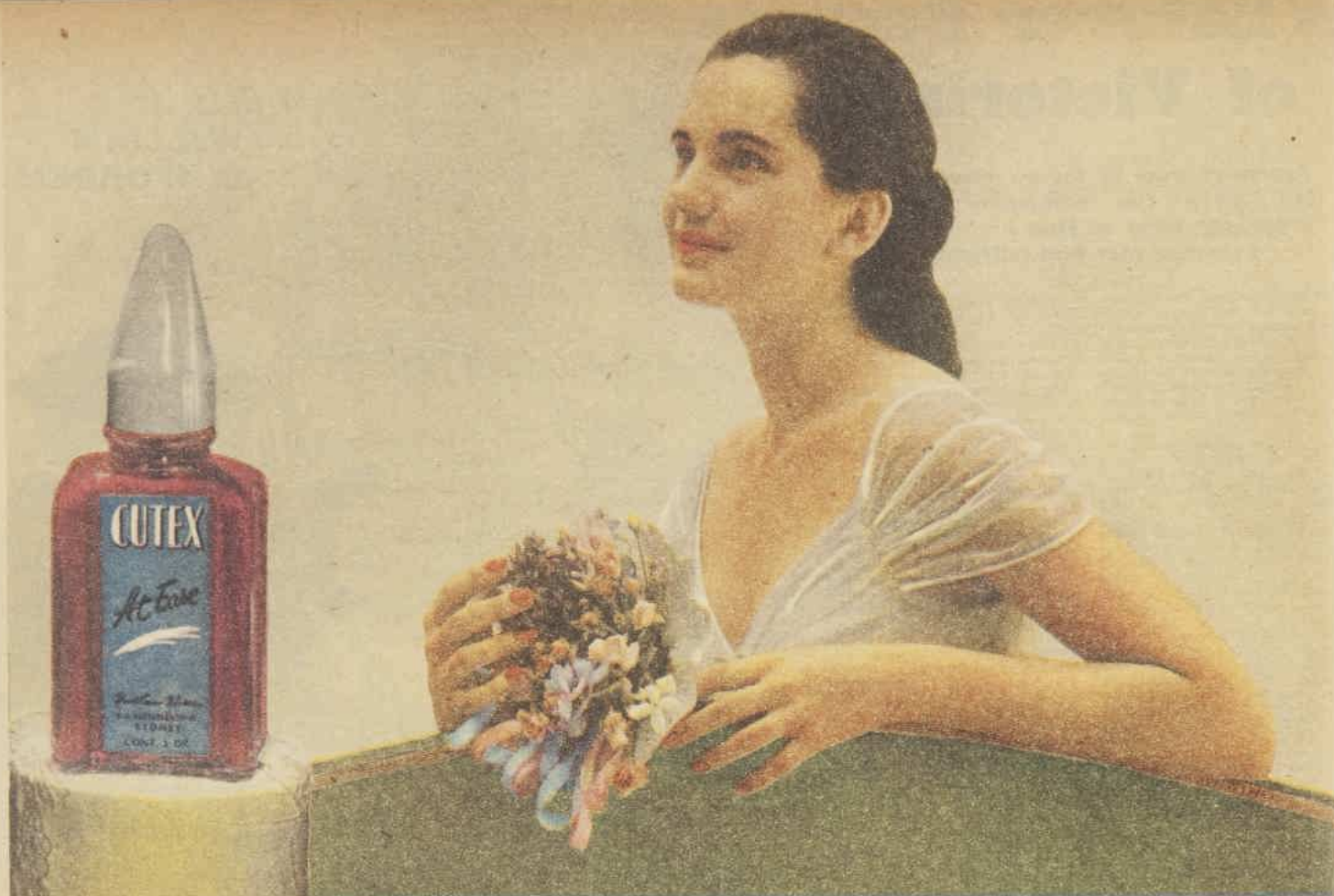
The blue eyes looked straight at him. "Lieutenant," she said, "that front door has been open and unguarded for ten minutes. If you didn't want to be interviewed, you'd have been out through it."

He said, "I was hungry and my steak hadn't come."

"What do you say we skip the preliminaries and get on with it? Now, Lieutenant, what are you doing here?"

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Page 5



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YOU could say that it was a combination of circumstances that made the day a memorable one for Jeff Bentley. The fact that all the circumstances were female contributed no little to the specific nature of the memories. It is important to know the circumstances.

A bright sun was streaming into the breakfast-room when the housekeeper brought Jeff's breakfast to him.

"Wonderful morning, Mrs. Blodgett," Jeff said.

"What's so wonderful?" Mrs. Blodgett said.

"Could you do better?"

"Ha, ha," Mrs. Blodgett said. She could not properly be considered a female circumstance. Mrs. Blodgett was a circumstance apart—ruddy, neutral, and belligerent. "That cow is here," she said.

"Now, now," Jeff said, "I know this is only an excess of loyalty, but that is no way to speak of our next-door neighbor."

"What next-door neighbor?" Mrs. Blodgett said. "I says the cow is here. The female bull."

"The cow!" Jeff turned to his daughter, who was deep in the morning paper. She was teen-ish, a sedate child with blonde hair and freckles. "Did you hear that, Jan? The cow is here."

"A cow, yes," Jan said, and turned over the paper.

The cow was the first circumstance. The woman next door was the second. Jan was the third. While only the cow could be considered a new circumstance, it was the combination that did the trick. It is important to know the combination.

A cow in suburban Stardale was an anachronism. Stardale had once been farming country, but an expanding city had pushed its inhabitants out to exterminate ruthlessly all vestiges of livestock, while carefully preserving the externals of the past.

"Come see the cow, Jan," Jeff said, "sit down," Mrs. Blodgett said. "You can play you're a farmer after you finish your breakfast."

"Oh, all right," Jeff said.



"Sneaking up behind people is a nasty habit, Constance," Jeff said.

"We'd better circle," Jeff said. "Take her from the flank."

"It's only a cow," Constance said.

Jeff worked his way to within a few feet of the cow, moving cautiously through the underbrush. He was about to grab her when his foot caught on an exposed root. He fell flat on his face.

"Wrong flank," Constance said. She helped him to his feet, and they stood close for a moment, face to face. Jeff felt the stirring warmth again, but warmer.

"Constance," he said. The cow spotted a particularly attractive clump of grass just past Jeff's left foot. Reaching for it, she brushed heavily against his back, pushing him directly into Constance's arms. It was an accident, but it is unlikely that it was necessary in any case.

Jeff found himself kissing Constance warmly, while the small part of his brain still active marvelled at the softness of her lips.

It was some time before they stepped apart and sat side by side on a fallen log. Jeff took a deep breath, his first in minutes. "Constance," he said, "I didn't intend that to happen."

"Happy accident," she said.

He wiped his brow. "Constance," he said, "despite my best efforts, I have become very fond of you."

"I know, Jeff."

"You know my unhappy history. My former wife ran away with a travelling salesman when Jan was just an infant. I resolved then I would never marry again."

"How little we know the future!"

"I underestimated your attraction."

"Darling!"

"You must help me to be strong."

Constance said. "Please."

She dropped his hand. "Just a minute, now," she said. "Are you asking me not to marry you?"

"Well, yes," Jeff said. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Not marry me."

She looked at him quietly for a long while. Finally she stood up.

"All right, darling," she said. "I won't marry you."

"That's very kind of you, Constance."

"I'll always be very fond of you and Jan. That's all right, isn't it, Jeff?"

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Page 7

The FEMALE circumstance

A large rheumatic farmer had just finished unloading a young cow from his truck when Jeff and Jan appeared in the back yard. He led the cow into a new, rustic enclosure beside the double garage, and sighed heavily.

"There's our cow, big as life," Jeff said.

"Bigger," Jan said unhappily.

The farmer approached them, wiping his hands on his dungarees. His face was round and melancholy.

"It's none of my business, son," he said, "but what on earth do you want with a cow in Stardale?"

"I'll be glad to explain," Jeff said.

"The cow is for my daughter. She is bookish."

"Bookish?"

"Reads books. The idea is to give her a healthy outdoor interest. This is Jan's cow."

The farmer sighed. "What's her mother think about it?"

"Unfortunately, I am both father and mother to Jan."

"Well," the farmer said, "it's none of my business."

"I don't think you understand," Jeff said patiently. "Having a cow will give my girl a sense of communion with the good earth. Some of our greatest citizens came from farm backgrounds."

"So did I," the farmer said. He sighed again, accepted twice what the cow was worth, and climbed moodily back into his truck.

"Of course," Jeff said, "we're counting on getting good fresh milk from her."

"Easier to get blood from a turnip," the farmer said. "She ain't due to freshen for four months yet." He drove off. Jeff and his daughter turned to contemplate the cow.

"Big, isn't she?" Jan said.

"Just right," Jeff said. "Cow-size."

The large beast was black and

white, with a peculiarly malevolent gleam in her big brown eyes.

"She looks mad," Jan said.

"Yes, doesn't she?" Jeff said, and laughed nervously.

"They all look that way," a voice behind them said. "Sullen and not at all contented."

It was the woman from next door. Jeff looked around quickly and was annoyed to find that his face was warm and flushed. Constance Pryor was a lively young woman, delightfully curved and black-eyed.

"Sneaking up behind people is a nasty habit, Constance," Jeff said stiffly.

"I made it on tiptoe," she said. "It seemed like a sacred moment of communion between father and daughter."

"We were both scared," Jan said. "Nothing of the kind," Jeff said.

"Daddy suffers from gynophobia."

Constance said. "It is an over-all fear of the feminine. It apparently includes cows."

"We are good friends."

Constance said. Jeff said uncomfortably.

"You and the cow, perhaps," Constance said. "For you and me, Jeff, there is more than friendship."

"Now, now, Constance," Jeff said, weakly.

The woman next door was more than the second circumstance. She was the living embodiment, beautifully done, of a fact of Stardale life.

There were unwritten laws in suburban Stardale, as surely put through by the feminine community as the institution of marriage itself.

When a Stardale man reached his maturity, it was understood that he would marry promptly and settle into a comfortable white suburban home with his pretty wife. Failing marriage, he left Stardale just as promptly for a bachelor life in the

city. An unmarried man in a comfortable white suburban home outraged tradition and the female community.

"That cow, now," Constance said. "It is as sorry an excuse for a mother substitute as I have ever seen." Constance was a student of psychology.

"It is not a mother substitute," Jeff said. "It is a cow. Jan and I have no need for a mother substitute. Have we Jan?"

The little girl was busily writing in a small notebook she carried.

"Now, darling," Jeff said distractedly. "No notes, please. Daddy has spoken to you about this before."

"It's the only way I can remember all the funny things you do, Dad," she said, and turned to explain to Constance, "I'm going to write a

book about Dad. I'm going to call it, 'So's My Old Man.'"

"That's wonderful, dear," Constance said.

"Don't encourage her," Jeff said.

"She ought to be encouraged," Constance said firmly. "If there's anything I can do to help, dear, you just ask me."

"Would you really help?" Jan said.

"I was wondering what I ought to do about the love interest. You have to have a love interest, don't you?"

"Not at all," Jeff said.

"Definitely," Constance said. "I'll speak to your father about it, dear. We'll see what we can work out."

She smiled warmly at Jeff.

"Thank you, Miss Pryor," Jan said happily.

"Come, Jan, we must be getting back to the house," Jeff muttered.

By IRVING NEIMAN

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Honeymoon Deferred

By
**LAWRENCE
WILLIAMS**

JONATHAN, a curious man, looked up the word in the dictionary. "Honeymoon (hun-i-moon), n." it informed him, "the first month after marriage; the period just after marriage usually spent by a newly married couple in travel or recreation before taking up domestic life."

That was technically accurate enough, Jonathan supposed, but it also struck him as an understatement so profound as to be almost entirely empty of meaning. It missed, it seemed to Jonathan, the whole point.

The car which Jonathan had hired from the garage in the village to take them to the cottage hummed through the late afternoon stillness. The friendly solitude of the mountains surrounded them.

For a moment Jonathan watched Kathy from the edge of his eye, then he said: "Kathy, I want to ask you a question. It's a question I've never asked anyone before, a serious question."

"Yes?" Kathy turned to him gravely, waiting. "What is it, Jonathan?"

"It's this. How are you enjoying the period just after marriage usually spent by a newly married

couple in travel or recreation before taking up domestic life?"

"How am I enjoying what?"

"The first month after marriage; the honeymoon."

"Oh!"

"That's what the dictionary calls it. You married a very scholarly man, Kathy."

Kathy smiled softly.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you about the first month after marriage," she said. Then she

glanced at the clock on the dashboard. "But if it's going to be anything like the first two hours and forty-three minutes, I think it will be wonderful."

"That's good."

"How do you like yours, Jonathan?"

"Wonderful."

They drove in silence along the twisting road for a time.

"You'll like it up here, Kathy," Jonathan said. "There's a lake."

"I know I will."

"Bill Kinsay spent his honeymoon up here, too. He says it's a good

cottage. Nothing elaborate, but all the comforts. It's called Four Pines. There are really a lot more pines round it than that, but Bill's mother let him name the place before he could count up to ten." He looked at her again.

"Are you sure you're not sorry we aren't going up to Scotland, Kathy, to your family's place?"

"No, I'm not a bit sorry," Kathy said. "I'm glad. I love the Lake District."

"Your father showed me some pictures of the ancestral home when

You met Jonathan and Kathy a few weeks ago in "Dearly Beloved"—here they are on their honeymoon.

he offered it to us," Jonathan continued. "It looked very fancy."

"I don't care," Kathy said. "I'd rather go to somewhere new with you."

"Good," Jonathan said. "We'll have a fine time, Kathy. It'll be all right, I think."

In this last remark Jonathan was stating a good deal less than what he believed to be the truth. He not only thought the cottage he had borrowed from his friend and best

man, Bill Kinsay, would be "all right" for a honeymoon; he had done everything in his power to make certain it would be perfect.

Jonathan was in what he regarded to be a challenging position, for he had, three hours earlier, married a girl who was the daughter of a very wealthy family, and it was his solemn intention to demonstrate to Kathy that he could provide all the requisites of an enviable life without the benefit of thousands and thousands.

It was not, he discovered early, easy to do things for rich people. When, for example, Kathy's father had offered the couple the family home in Scotland for their honeymoon, it had required considerable energy and delicacy of argument to turn it

down. Jonathan had got the distinct impression that Mr. Harrison considered there was something almost weak-minded about refusing the twenty-odd-roomed Scottish palace, complete with old family servants, but Jonathan had stuck to his guns, and they were on their way now to a honeymoon less lavish, but one of his own choosing.

In order to illustrate his competence as a provider, Jonathan had made meticulous arrangements by

post with a certain Mr. Kedge, whom his friend Bill Kinsay had recommended to him as the soul of dependability, to prepare the cottage as it had never been prepared before, and to stock the larder not only with necessities, but with every possible delicacy.

He had ordered a load of firewood and a case of champagne; a coat of paint for the sailing dinghy and a part-time cook; fishing tackle, books, cigarettes, two bottles of perfume, paraffin, a lot of gramophone records, and in his suitcase, as a surprise for Kathy, was a handsome dressing-table set which the jeweller had finished initialling only the day before.

Taking one consideration with another, Jonathan decided comfortably, the arrangements were definitely satisfactory. He began to whistle the opening phrase of a song they liked, then stopped abruptly, a note fading emptily on his lips. From beneath his feet there came an ominous rattling sound.

Jonathan pressed the accelerator experimentally and the sound came again, this time more peremptorily, more sinister. He tried it once more, gently, coaxingly. There came in response a significant clashing of metal on metal, a tooth-jangling sound. Jonathan's heart sank.

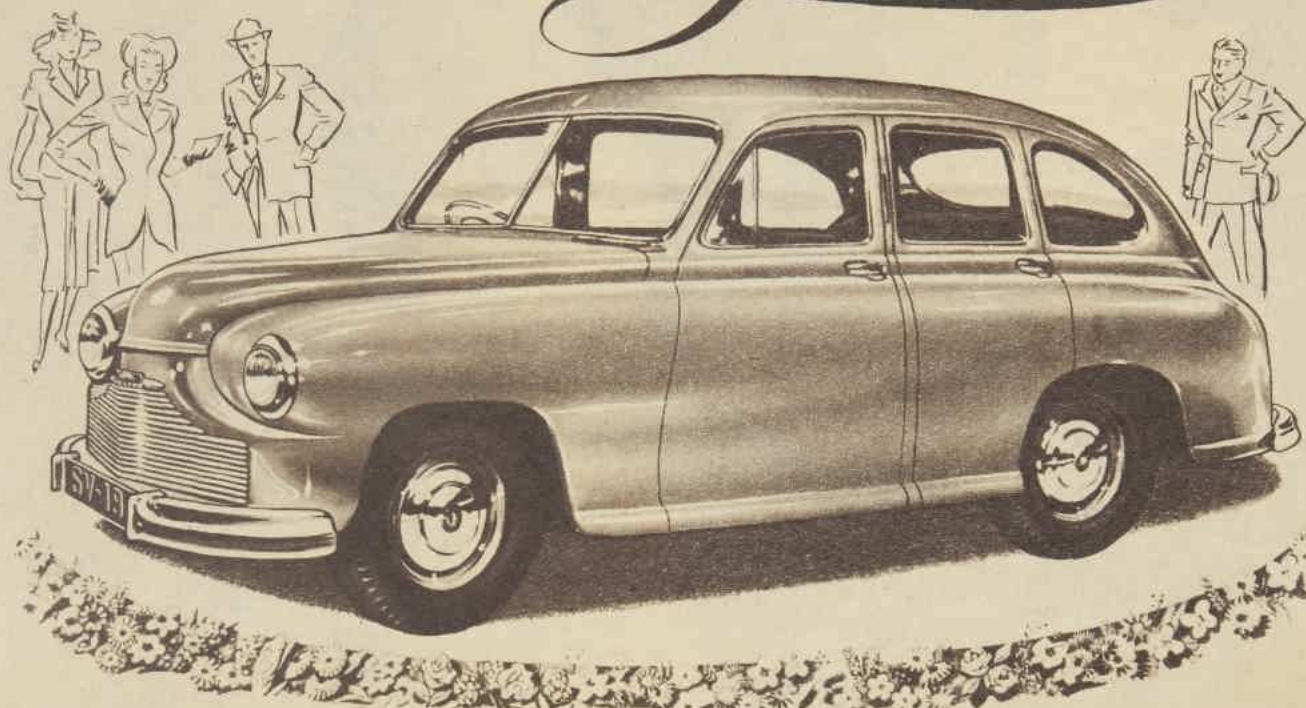
"Before you shoot on sight," Jonathan said, carefully casual, "there's one question I'd like to ask you."

Please turn to page 29

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Blouses are always tops

● Over the classic white silk shirt, at left, wear a waistcoat in finest woollen, for a very new touch. Add drama, in this otherwise carefully casual outfit, with a bow tie of baby leopard tucked under pointed collar.

● The rather tailored, formal blouse, above, has a one-way bow at the neckline specially designed to wear under an autumn suit and shoot jauntily out over the rever.

● The new shirt-line is shown in the lovely tie-silk model, above left, with its magyar-cut, three-quarter cuffed sleeves, smooth, round shoulder, peaked collar.

● Made in striped taffeta or silk the blouse, at left, with its wide open-collared neckline and back buttoning, tucked into a long or short skirt at night looks more like a dress top. Add a matching belt.

● Another example of the new shirt, above left, can be buttoned high up to the neck, pearls or a scarf worn beneath the collar peaks, or worn with an open neck forming wide spreading revers.

RENE



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BOTTLE-FED FOAL. One of the three girls who staff Fenwick, Arab and Shetland stud owned by Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean, at Yan Yean, Victoria, gives tiny Shetland Sweet Violet her bottle meal.

Pony stud run by women...

They groom, train bloodstock

By PAT WEETMAN, of our Melbourne staff

At Yan Yean in green country 25 miles north-east of Melbourne four women are running Fenwick stud farm, specialising in Arab and Shetland ponies.

FENWICK is owned by Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean, who, with her sister, Miss Eva Gibson, took it over in 1918, following the death of their father, Mr. S. W. Gibson.

It had been a Clydesdale stud, but the sisters stocked it with Corriedale sheep.

Mrs. Maclean, however, always

loved horses best. In 1923 she purchased in England the first of her Arab and Shetland stallions and mares, and on her return established the stud, which is now known throughout Australia and overseas.

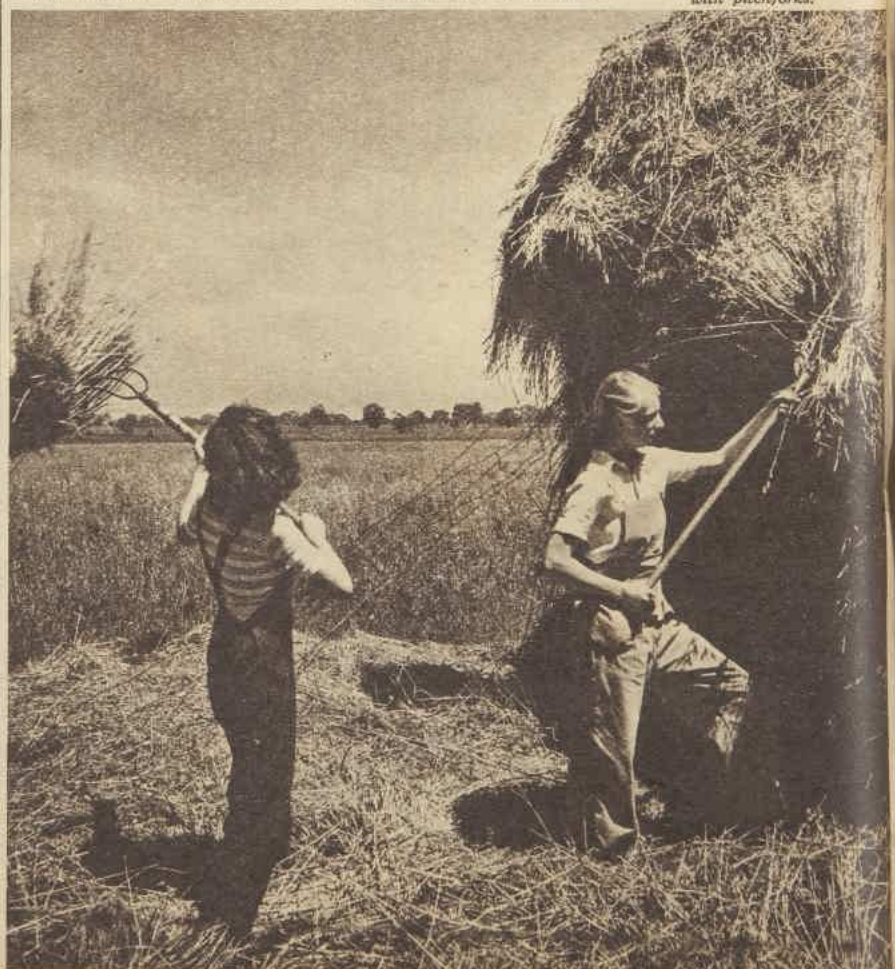
Because of the demand for mutton and lamb during the war she kept some sheep, the last of which she sold about twelve months ago.

Now the rolling green paddocks which surround the old bluestone

farmhouse on the hill are stocked with graceful Arab yearlings and two-year-olds, gentle mares with foals at foot, and sturdy, jolly Shetlands and their offspring, for all the world like the puppies of some shaggy breed.

Life is full of interest for Mrs. Maclean and her three hands — Margaret Bain Smith, the head girl, who'd lived all her life on a farm at Woodend, Victoria, until she started work at 343-acre Fenwick last summer; Jill Benbrick, of Coogee, N.S.W., who had some previous experience of country life as an uncle's property; and Ann Sutherland, 21-year-old English lass, who's only been in Australia for 18

HAY-MAKERS. Jill Benbrick and Ann Sutherland hard at work with pitchforks.





MANES AND TAILS FLYING, Arab mares and their foals gallop wildly up the lane at Fenwick, startled by the approach of strangers.

months and at Fenwick for three. In England, Ann worked at a private racing stable near Bourne-mouth, riding racehorses at exercise and to nearby race meetings.

Mrs. Maclean lives in Melbourne, but goes up to Fenwick during the week. Much of the time she is able to leave the farm in the care of the girls who live in the farmhouse, where Margaret's mother, Mrs. I. Bain Smith, keeps house for them.

The day usually starts at 6 a.m. at Fenwick, earlier in harvesting time. Fifteen acres are under oats and another 15 produce grass for hay.

The girls are proficient at reaping, binding, building straw stacks, and pressing, and they all drive the farm vehicles.

Margaret can drive anything, from "Alice" the tractor to "Monty" the big truck. "Monty" was an Eighth Army vehicle in the Middle East, and was bought at a disposals sale. The bullet-proof tyres are splendid for jolting over stony paddocks. A special compartment at the back carries stock to shows.

Margaret told me that the girls treated their charges like friends—not horses.

When you drive over the paddocks in the truck, and the horn is sounded, from every direction come prancing Arab youngsters, to crowd round, nibbling at the truck's paintwork, full of friendliness and curiosity.

At a call from any of the staff, Arab mares in the foaling paddocks and their long-legged progeny come running to see what titbit is going now.

Shetlands grazing out under the guarded gums nuzzle hands that feed them wisps of hay, their foals trustingly reaching out to sniff at friendly fingers.

Even Arab stallions — grey imported Fayrial, almost black Rakib, and the bay Riffal, many times a champion in England, and imported only a year ago—permit the girls to fondle their aristocratic heads, and are "perfect lambs to groom."

Feeding the livestock takes from six a.m. to breakfast-time, and then for the rest of the day duties of the hands include going round all the paddocks (twice daily during the foaling season, which has just ended), handling the foals, grooming the stallions, and doing the hundred and one other jobs necessary on the farm.

The 34 Arab mares all have foals, and so have most of the 70 Shetlands. As well, there are the mares sent to the stud to be mated with the Arab stallions.

During the war Mrs. Maclean switched from men to girl employees, and she found them so suitable for the work that she has employed women ever since.

She told me the work on a stud farm isn't just getting into riding breeches and riding round after stock all day. In fact, her girls are hardly ever on horseback. They have to be wiry and keen to stand up to the job.

Her present staff is a slim trio, all in the early twenties, who wear riding breeches and shirts under beige overalls embroidered with the words "Fenwick Stud Farm" in green on the bibs.

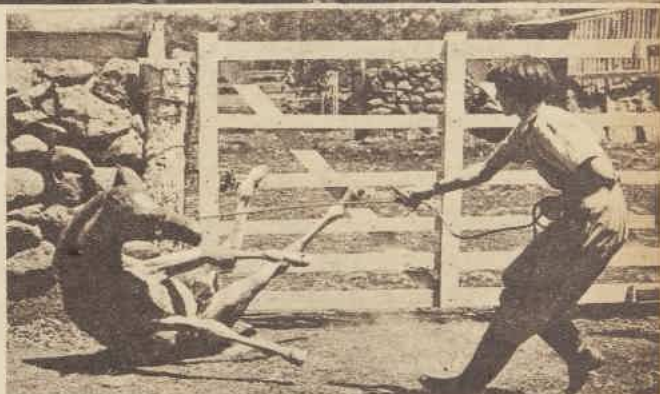
The girls try to be impartial but they naturally have favorites.

Margaret's eyes light up when you admire Fayrial, the big grey Arab stallion, and Senabra, a grey Arab mare, who has just presented Fayrial with his first son.

The colt is three months old, and, to me, looked exactly like Walt Disney's Bambi. So far he is unnamed, but he may be Ibn Fayrial (Son of Fayrial).

At present a soft marmalade tan color, the baby eventually will be a grey. Already he's showing the dark color round his large expressive eyes, and if you ruffle his red hair you can see that the roots of it are silvery grey.

There's going to be heart-break at Fenwick when "Ibn Fayrial" departs—and he's definitely not remaining, Mrs. Maclean says.



"STEADY THERE NOW, BABY!" Arab foal, son of imported stallion Fayrial, plays to the gallery while being handled. Margaret Bain Smith has the other end of the halter.



ALL HANDS ON JOB. Ann Sutherland, Jill Benbrick, and Margaret Bain Smith hand-feed some of the Shetland mares and foals.

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Valda, You've Five Minutes

Continued from page 4

AS her sister embraced her, Mona said breathlessly, "Oh, Nell, we're so sorry we're late. We've seen a murder."

"Nothing of the sort," I said, cutting short further exaggerations. "We came across a dead man."

"A gipsy," Mona said. "Do you like my hat, dear?" Again I recognised her bravado that was covering up shaken nerves, and without waiting for an answer she went on. "He was disgustingly naked in the middle of nowhere."

"We know nothing about him," I said. "We don't know who he is or what he is. Now you two gossip about something else while I find the policeman."

"He'll be watching the circus," Nell advised. "Half the population has gone to see the tent go up. She added apologetically, 'The circus is an event in this little town.'"

I left them and went out. Sure enough, when I ran Sergeant Copstone to earth he was watching an elephant hauling on some gadget affixed to a pulley that lifted the soiled and sagging canvas and gave it the shape and substance and magic that in circus. He was frankly irritated when his attention was distracted from the unusual scene.

"Dead in a paddock, eh? Well it would have to happen to-day."

I explained about Simple Simon. "Oh, Duffy," he said lightly. "Did he find him? Well, he's harmless. A half-wit and that's an exaggeration."

"He's at least a mechanic," I said. "Duffy," he scoffed. "A mechanic!"

"My car stalled. He made it go." "I didn't think he'd ever ridden in one," Copstone chorled. "He must have had a lucky break." He looked at me keenly. "Did you say this chap was naked?"

"He wore less than Adam. And your Duffy had on a new suit. One that didn't fit."

"Don't tell me Duffy shot him just to get his clothes," Copstone grinned.

"In any case," I said, "how would he get the corpse to where we found it without leaving any tracks? There's no sign of anything."

"You're saying it," Copstone said. "I know the spot. He could have been emptied off the highway."

"No," I said definitely. "He was too far from the road. I guess he was dropped from a plane."

Copstone groaned. "That means all sorts of blinking experts. Of course the stripping's to avoid identification. That won't help if it's a local lad, but if he was thrown from a plane, he might have come from anywhere."

Well, he wasn't a local lad, and Cincotta, the circus proprietor, at the sergeant's request, had a look at the body and said it was no one from his show.

When I had a close-up with the local doctor I knew the man had died late the previous night, probably not more than an hour or so before he'd been dumped.

He had a number of injuries all consistent with a fall from a height, and for a moment I wondered if he could have come down in a parachute that had landed him none too gently. But, then, where was the parachute?

I'd been warned that tea would be served promptly at three-thirty and, although I arrived on the dot, the girls were already taking theirs.

Opposite them a young woman sat bolt upright, a cup held stiffly in her right hand. She gave me quite a shock because, as far as features went, she was just like Mona.

She made as if to rise but Mona said: "Don't move. It's only my brute of a husband." She turned to me.

"This is Mlle Valda from the circus," she said and left me to wonder while Nell served tea as if it were quite usual to have itinerant show-folks dropping in.

After some desultory conversation Mona said abruptly, "Rodney, you've got to give Mlle Valda a certificate or something to say she can't perform to-night. She's had a great shock."

The circus woman attempted to wipe her eye with her free hand. I said, "I'm sorry to hear that." And with that the cup fell from Valda's fingers and she burst into tears.

"There, there," Nell said, putting her arms about her. "You come to my room and rest."

When she had led the sobbing girl away I said: "Now what is all this? What's she doing here?"

"I met her at the chemist's," Mona explained. "The chemist introduced us . . . sort of. He said, 'Are you sisters?' I remembered the picture poor silly Simon showed us and I knew who she was."

"I said 'You're Mlle Valda, aren't you? Can I help you?' I think she was just dying to talk to somebody. She broke down and on the spur of the moment I invited her round for a cup of tea. I knew Nell wouldn't mind. And she told me all about it."

"And what was it all about?" "Her boy friend has run away. He's not coming back."

"How does she know that?" "He wrote her a letter. He wanted to be free."

"Nothing unusual in that," I said. "Really, I don't think you should stick your pretty nose into these sawdust and tinsel scandals."

"Now you're being Dr. Smug," Mona said. "And anyway, I'll bet anything Valda's boy friend is the naked lad Simple Simon found in the paddock."

"Oh, that's just guessing," I said.

"Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe, Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow; But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send, Save, save, oh save me from the Candid Friend!"
—George Canning: The New Morality.

"The circus boss saw the body. It's no one from the show."

"I don't care," she said, unreasonably. "Something tells me . . ."

"Something tells me you're romancing," I interrupted. "This cheap little imitation has given you ideas. You're weaving a story about her."

Mona persisted. "Why shouldn't the corpse be Valda's boy friend? He's at least missing."

"I've told you," I said. "The circus man . . ."

"He might be lying."

"Mona," I protested, "that's unreasonable. However, if you wish to satisfy your romantic little mind why not ask the girl to describe her friend? You can then check with the corpse. Heaven knows you saw enough of him."

"I'll get it out of her," she promised. "He must have been a detestable man sending a letter like that."

"Oh, so you've seen the note?"

"He didn't actually write it," Mona said. "He got someone to do it. He can't write."

"Well, we are moving in nice company," I said smugly. "Naked men dropping from the sky. Crying circus girls! Illiterate Casanovas!"

"Maybe writing isn't so important in a circus," Mona said. "Valda's friend is a bare-back rider. I don't see that knowing how to write would help him to stick on."

Nell returned just then, looking a mite serious.

"If Rod would like to assume his bedside manner he could visit the patient." She added in another tone, "I fancy our visitor is going to have a baby."

"There!" Mona exploded. "What a beast of a man."

Nell asked: "What man?"

"The jockey . . . the bare-back rider. Saying in his letter 'I'm sick of you. You won't ever see me again.' He must have known about the baby."

"It's no use getting hysterical," I advised.

"Oh isn't it?" Mona cried warmly. "That's just like you men. That's why we want women in parliament. It's only women who . . ."

"Oh come," Nell laughed, "No politics, please."

Mona was still indignant. "I bet he's some monkey-faced, under-sized rat," she said, entirely

forgetting that she'd previously identified him with the man in the paddock who had been slim and well-shaped and not bad-looking.

"He's nothing of the sort, Mona," Nell said, unexpectedly. "I've seen his picture. She asked me to get something from her bag and it was there. He's quite picturesque with the fiercest moustache and a tuft on his chin that might have come off Napoleon the Third."

"There!" I said. "That disposes of your idea about Valda's man being the corpse in the copse."

"Anyway," Mona said, "he deserved to be murdered. Writing such a brutal letter." She regarded me sternly. "If you were half a doctor," she said, "you wouldn't stand eating your head off while that poor child . . ."

"Oh, all right," I said, swallowing my cream cake. "I'll see her."

"And if it's what Nell thinks," my wife went on, "you've got to march over and tell the ringmaster she can't possibly perform to-night. I'm not going to have that girl bounding about on a slack-wire."

"Oh, she's a wire-walker?"

"I don't know," Mona admitted. "In circus they do everything. don't they? Anyhow, go and see her. Rodney."

I found it was true enough about the baby, but there'd be quite an interval before its birth. Valda wept as she told me.

"I don't want you to think I'm bad," she said. "You've all been so kind. You're not snobs. We were going to be married and now he's run away."

"He knew about the baby?"

She nodded. "I sighed, 'I'll walk across and tell your boss you can't perform to-night.'"

She regarded me curiously.

"You're a doctor," she said at length. "You know men—men who think they are going to have babies they think will be a tie. Do you think Joe will come back?"

I patted her hand. "In time, yes," I lied. "I feel sure of it. Don't you?"

"No," she said. "I don't think he'll ever come back."

On my way to the circus I met Sergeant Copstone.

"They're round the body like bees," he told me. "It's got 'em guessing. The absence of tracks, I mean. Cincotta loaned us a black-tracker who does a boomerang act in the circus but he couldn't pick up a thing. I think you're right, Doctor. He was dropped from a plane."

He sighed prodigiously. "He could have been flown from anywhere in Australia, and Australia's a big place. I hear the newspapers are playing it up. 'Flying Corpse' or something."

I found Cincotta suave and swarthy—all teeth and sideburns. I imagined, in make-up, under arc lights, he'd look well in the ring. Just now he was a little grimy in oil-smears and slacks and dirty pull-over.

I began with some politeness about intruding upon him at a busy time and, with an African lion in a cage not much bigger than itself roaring in my ears, broached the subject of my visit.

"I've called to see you regarding Mlle Valda," I said. "I have advised her to rest to-night. She is suffering from shock."

He shrugged. "She will get over it. They all do. Her man has run away."

"Oh, you know that?"

He shrugged again. "The girl, she rides him too hard. Joe Varella, he is never serious." He looked at me slyly. "Maybe something has happened?"

I ignored the implication.

He went on: "Mister, if you knew Joe, you would understand. Two days ago he hands me his notice. I am not surprised. I am sorry, but I understand. Joe—he can pick up the dames . . . like that . . ." he snapped his fingers. "Why should he stick to one woman? She wants he should marry her, he tells me. Joe Varella marry? Pout!"

"You mean he gave up his job because Valda was pressing him to marry her?"

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PC-8

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AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

G. 12-11

Please turn to page 26

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

The Queen's milliner talks about hats



DOUBLE BRIM is feature of this Hugh Beresford felt model, feather trimmed. Famous designer likes hats to be soft and feminine.

He likes making women look more beautiful

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

One of Queen Elizabeth's hat designers, Hugh Beresford, who is visiting Australia, says the most expensive hat he ever made was for Wendy Hiller in "I Know Where I'm Going," and the most unusual was for Greer Garson's dog.

Mr. Beresford designed hats for the Queen's South African tour and was about to start on those for her and for Princess Margaret to bring to Australia when the tour was cancelled.

HE finds the Queen very easy to work for. Like any other woman she has ideas of her own, but she is always willing to listen to her milliner's suggestions.

"I have no idea why I was chosen by the Queen as one of her designers," he told me. "I was simply summoned to Buckingham Palace, and have been working for her ever since."

Tall and splendidly built, with clear grey eyes, 38-year-old Hugh Beresford, who is a bachelor, talks of himself and his work with a refreshing touch of humor and candor. "You know, I don't mind admitting I've designed some awful hats in my time," he said, and then proceeded to show me pictures of really charming, highly original models.

There was a wicked twinkle in his eye as he described the incident of the hat for "I Know Where I'm Going."

"I had done a lot of designing for film stars in my early days—back in 1935—when my clients included Marlene Dietrich and Diana Churchill and I worked for Elstree."

When Pressberger and Powell wanted a hat for "I Know Where I'm Going" they sent Wendy Hiller along to me.



"She picked out a plain little thing in blue felt."

"I had a ring from the studio saying they wanted the same hat done in fur as it was to be featured. They asked the price. My secretary quoted £284. Rather to my stupefaction, they decided to have it."

"Mrs. Powell came along to my salon to see the hat, which was made of a sort of tiger skin. She has been coming to me for her hats ever since."

Greer Garson has been a client of Hugh Beresford since the days long before she was world famous. The first hat she bought from him was one marked down at a sale.

"Since then I've designed a great deal for Greer, mostly by long dis-

stance. She writes and says she wants some hats, and I send them and they don't come back."

"She asked me to make an exact replica of one of her hats for her Chow, Cho-Cho. She walked down a Hollywood boulevard leading Cho-Cho in the hat and there was nearly a riot. It started a craze in the film colony for hatted dogs."

"Don't ask me what the hat was like because for the life of me I can't remember."

Australians noted for their dressing who are clients of Mr. Beresford are Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Sydney, and Mrs. Everard Baillieu, of Melbourne.

"They come to me always when they are in London and get several hats for the coming season," he said.



THE QUEEN'S MILLINER, Mr. Hugh Beresford, examines pictures of some of the hats he has designed for Australia. He is spending several weeks here, and will leave early in February.

(6)

THE MANOR HOUSE, West Hathersly, is lovely Sussex home of Hugh Beresford. It was once home of Anne of Cleves, and was given to her by her husband, Henry VIII.

He has a branch salon in New York which supplies hats to many noted American clients.

Other famous clients of his are film stars Bebe Daniels, Greta Gynn, and Sally Gray.

Although hat designing for British films once formed a big part of Mr. Beresford's work, he does little of it now, partly, he says, because so many major British films these days are in period costume.

Mr. Beresford has brought to Australia a collection of hats valued at £12,000.

"They are for the autumn, but to ensure that Australian women will have absolutely up-to-date styles he has incorporated in them features he is using in his hats for next spring in London."

"These features include a modified cloche line not very deep but fitting snugly. Most of the hats are small and tight with small brims and side trimmings, mainly of flowers and feathers. Many have veils."

"Velour, velvet, and the new fabric, meluaine, a long-haired type of felt, very soft and lightweight, are the main materials I have used and the hats are mostly in pastel shades."

"I feel myself that this is the finest collection I have ever made."

While Mr. Beresford is in Australia there will be showings of his



MELUSINE, used by Hugh Beresford to make this model, is London's newest hat fabric. It is a long-haired felt. Hat shows sideways movement, is trimmed with goose feathers.

collection arranged by his Australian agents, Paterson, Laing, and Bruce.

Designing hats is nothing new in Hugh Beresford's life.

He first began to put some sort of sketches on paper when he was twelve, and was not particularly put out by the teasing of his fellow students at Charterhouse.

"I used to go with my mother when she was buying hats and I've no doubt I spoilt many a good sale by saying my piece. Now, of course, I design all her hats."

Within two years of leaving school, and after toying with the idea of being a film actor, he set up his salon in Bruton Street.

"At that stage I could design hats all right. But I had no idea how to make them, so I went into my own workshop as an apprentice. I went right through the course, spending at least three days each week learning the millinery craft."

Bombed out twice

WAR brought the inevitable break in Mr. Beresford's career. He was stationed at Aldershot as an A.T.S. trainer, and managed to get up to London about every two weeks just to keep things going.

Bombed out twice with complete loss of all his equipment he finally left Bruton Street and now has his salon in Berkeley Square.

"A hat must do something for a woman," he said. "Unless it gives her something it is no good, and that is why I like designing soft, feminine hats, rather than the tailored types."

"Hats should be like cosmetics or nail varnish—just give the additional something."

"My designs are admirably suited to the short haircut, which is worn by most London and American women of fashion. Women, of course, love it. It makes them look years younger."

Mr. Beresford has chosen for his country home an idyllic and historic setting.

He owns The Manor House, at West Hathersly, Sussex, famous as the house given by Henry VIII to Anne of Cleves. Built of the grey stone of Sussex, it is traditional Elizabethan in style, and he has kept to the same period in his furnishings.

Although he has a flat in London he does quite a lot of his designing at The Manor House, where he has set up a studio. He loves its atmosphere for work; and when he isn't working he enjoys riding, or walking with his adored Corgis, Rough and Tumble, or else listens to classical music.

"I don't care much for this hot jazz stuff," he commented.

SIR DONALD BRADMAN

BRADMAN'S knight-hood is a fine climax to his great cricket career.

"Our Don," or rather "Our Sir Donald," is a striking example of what skill at a game can do for a man in the highly organised sporting world of to-day.

The obscure little boy who showed an uncanny facility at hitting sixers round the paddocks of Bowral, N.S.W., grew up to become pretty well the best-known Australian in the world.

His cricket wizardry transformed his life, took him round the world several times, brought him fame, fortune, and now a title.

He has earned it all. The natural gift he began with would not have been enough. He developed it with hard work, application, and tenacity till he became the most consistently brilliant performer in world cricket.

The life of a public idol is not easy. The spectre of possible failure must always be present at the feast provided by fickle mass admiration.

A run of bad form on the field can be disastrous.

Don has worn well and carried his bat for twenty years. His knighthood follows one of the most triumphal tours of England in Test history.

As long as British cricket tradition lasts, the name of Don Bradman will be talked of with admiration verging on awe.

Season after season, he demonstrated his phenomenal batting ability.

If the King were personally investing Don, it would be fitting that he used a bat instead of a sword.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNER Phyllis Slater, who topped 4th year in Melbourne University's architecture exams, is engaged to the runner-up, John Murphy.



MARGARET HALSE, of Mont Albert, Victoria, who gained the top pass in first year. Margaret is specially interested in color and space effects.



EUNICE BOETTCHER, former Queenslander, who worked as waitress in University staff dining-room last year to meet Mus.Bac. and Architecture fees.

Girls topped architecture exams this year

Theory that women only take up architecture to concentrate on building kitchens is exploded in the results of examinations at the Melbourne University School of Architecture.

TEN of the eleven women doing the course were abreast with 175 male contemporaries, and they carried off major honors, including topping 1st and 4th years.

They're an enthusiastic band of career girls... attractive, and feminine in appearance and outlook, but they have made up their minds to hold down man-sized jobs.

"Women do well in architecture because they seldom take it up unless they are very keen," they explain.

Next year, under a recently revised syllabus, they'll don overalls and spend periods as builders' laborers.

They will lay bricks, mix cement, paint and do carpentering at a summer school building project the School of Architecture has organised at Buxton, in the Dividing Ranges.

Tall, slender, dark-haired 24-year-old Phyllis Slater, who topped 4th year against all-comers, also won a newly instituted twenty guinea scholarship.

She's tremendously interested in all branches of architecture, but the most absorbing job on hand for her is working with her fiancé, fellow 4th year student John Murphy, on plans for the division into two flats of her prospective father-in-law's home.

One of the flats will be their home after their marriage towards the end of the year.

Mr. Murphy, sen., is a well-known Melbourne architect, but he is letting his son and daughter-in-law elect work on the conversion of the old home.

The young couple look forward to practising as architects together after their marriage.

Meanwhile, Phyllis will continue



MRS. BRIAN LEWIS, wife of Professor of Architecture at Melbourne University, is only woman in Australia and one of ten in world to be Fellow of Royal Institute of British Architects.

working with a city firm of architects until she completes her University course next year.

Nineteen-year-old Margaret Halse, who topped first year, originally planned to be a commercial artist, but on leaving the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, took up architecture instead.

She feels it is yet too early in her course to decide on the particular field she'll specialise in. At present the influence of color and space relationships have a strong attraction.

Second-place laurels in first year were carried off by Mary Mackay, who is engaged to second-year student Arthur Bunbury.

In second and third years Joy Pike and Elizabeth Ikin again kept flags flying high for feminine students.

Fair-haired 21-year-old Mandy Kelso, who was awarded five first-class honors in fourth year, is keen to explore new structural uses for modern materials.

When Mandy first began her course she attended Melbourne University with her mother, now Dr. Norma Kelso, sister Margaret, who is doing Arts and Social Studies, and medical student brother Sandy.

Mandy's mother, after the death of her husband in 1940, resumed the medical course she had started before her marriage.

Versatile woman student doing the course is former Queenslander Eunice Boettcher, who is working her way through University, studying architecture and music.

Last year she divided her time between lecture rooms and University staff dining-hall, working as waitress to meet expenses.

During the vacation she is working in a photography studio as a "general hand" about the place.

Doing architectural course is a dream come true for Eunice, whose capacity for work and study leaves fellow students breathless.

Her father is a Brisbane builder, and from childhood days poring over the blueprints he had to follow was Eunice's idea of bliss.

As she couldn't afford to take up architecture when she left Brisbane High School, she filled in time with miscellaneous jobs.

Capabilities of women architects are widely appreciated by Professor Brian Lewis, of Melbourne University School of Architecture.

His English wife is one of the ten women in the world who are Fellows of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Professor and Mrs. Lewis practised in private partnership in London for 12 years after their marriage.

She is of the opinion that there is still pioneering to be done in breaking down the prejudice that women are not as competent as men to specialise in every field of design.

"It's ridiculous to relegate women architects to the domestic field," she maintains. "The average newly qualified woman architect knows no more about kitchens than her male contemporary."

She also feels that members of the profession should have the same confidence in sending girls out on jobs as they have in sending lads, so that the young people can gain the practical experience essential for success.

Mrs. Lewis knows from her own experience that building operatives work splendidly under the supervision of any woman who knows her job.

Interesting People



DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER LEONARD BURT

Scotland Yard

FAMOUS spy-catcher of World War Two, ex-member of the renowned M.I.5 (Military Intelligence), Deputy-Commissioner Burt, of Scotland Yard's Special Branch, has often worked with Royalty. Arranged security measures for South African tour, was to leave for New Zealand and Australia when tour was cancelled. Was responsible for security at Princess Elizabeth's wedding and was awarded membership of Royal Victorian Order.



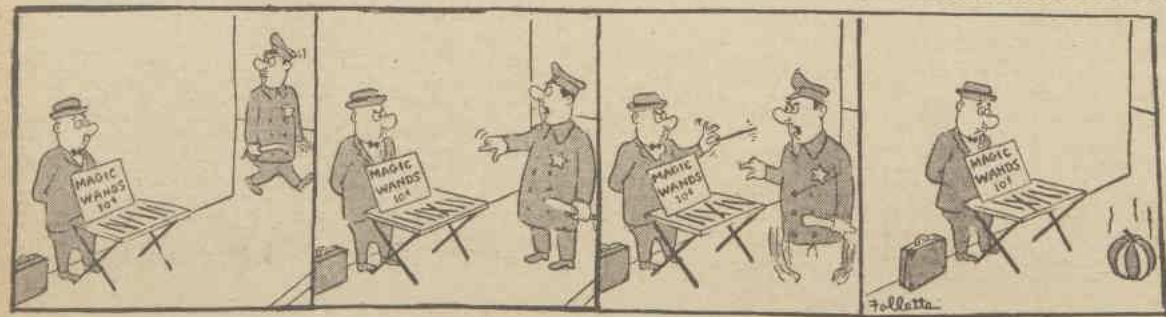
DOCTOR ELWYN MOREY

interviewed 680 teachers
THESIS on "Vocational Interests and Personality Characteristics of Women Teachers" has won American National Research Award for Doctor Elwyn Morey, lecturer in child and clinical psychology at W.A. University. Thesis was based on 680 interviews, and was submitted to competition, unknown to writer, by a Californian professor. Several of Doctor Morey's suggestions have already been adopted by U.S. schools.



MR. KEITH YOUNG

likes adventure
ADVENTUROUS career crammed into 32 years of living by Melbourne's Mr. Keith Young, who returned from filming with Arnhem Land Expedition to join yacht crew for Sydney-Hobart race. Began career as member of Reece's Flying Circus, did aerial surveys in Gulf country and New Guinea, worked in Hollywood as radio and film actor-writer. Served with U.S. Forces during war, was decorated by three governments.





OFF TO ENGLAND. Mrs. Stephen Davies (third from left), who is off to England in Strathaird, at farewell luncheon at Prince's. Mrs. Arthur Kinder, Pat Molloy, Mrs. Davies, Mary Tuffy, and Mrs. John Sim in picture. Pat, who is Mrs. Davies' sister, and Mary Tuffy were hostesses at party.

Intimate Gossipings

AIRMAIL letter from London from their only daughter, Terry, tells Dr. and Mrs. H. Odillo Maher, of Double Bay, all about plans for Terry's wedding with Lieut. John Swinford Bostock, R.N.

Wedding date has been set for February 12, and ceremony will take place at St. James', Spanish Place, London. Rev. Father Chatterton, R.N., who met Terry when he was visiting Australia with the British Fleet during war days, will officiate.

Terry and John are distant cousins and they will have as their flower girls at the ceremony two of their little cousins, Mary Bernard and the Lady Frances Bernard.

Two Australian girls, Moya Gorman, of Queensberry, and Judy Moore, of Double Bay, who are visiting England, will attend the bride.

Weeks ago Mrs. Maher carefully packed Terry's wedding gown of white faille and her bridesmaids' gowns so that no difficulties with coupons will beset the girls.

The wedding cake, too, has been sent from Australia.

Two friends of Dr. and Mrs. Maher, Mrs. Marjorie Mort and Miss Jessie Cape, who recently sailed in the Orion, took the cake for the wedding reception with them.

John is the son of Commander J. Bostock and Mrs. Bostock, of Worms Hill, Sittingbourne, Kent, and of Penmaen, Glamorganshire, Wales.

SUNSHINE and sun for the Kelvin McGarritys, of Pymble, and their three children, Katharine, Margaret, and Ian, when they spend holiday time with Mrs. Alan McGarrity at Palm Beach. Mrs. McGarrity and the children have recently returned from a holiday in England. They left Australia last February and stayed with Mrs. McGarrity's parents, Commander and Mrs. F. Shearman, of Bude, Cornwall. Mrs. McGarrity also visited her cousin, Sir Wilfred Grigson, in London.



ENGAGED. Phyl Nock, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Nock, of Mosman, and her fiance, Don North, only son of Mrs. North, of Brisbane, and the late Rev. Frederick North. Don is radio officer with Qantas. Phyl wears solitary diamond ring.



PALM BEACH DANCE. Mr. and Mrs. Len Armitage snapped dancing together at Palm Beach Pacific Club's dance over holiday season. Guests at dance wore informal beach clothes. Mrs. Armitage wore a pale pink linen frock and added new fashion note of go'd accessories.



MARRIED AT ROSE BAY. John O'Sullivan and bride, formerly Margaret Wilson, with best man Peter Hart, of Crooknell, leave St. Mary Magdalene's after their wedding.

THEY'RE announcing their engagements: Joan Robinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Robinson, of Willoughby, to R. J. Minchin, elder son of Mr. R. L. Minchin, of Strathfield, and the late Mrs. Minchin. Barbara McClung, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McClung, of "Winbri," Gunneah, to Ross Bruce, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bruce, of Tamworth. Gloria Clarke-Foster, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Foster, of Narrandera, and Keith Graham, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Graham, of Moon Park. Dusk Hanna, second daughter of Captain A. L. Hanna and Mrs. Hanna, of Roseville, to Rowland Teape-Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Teape-Davis, of Carey Bay, Toronto, formerly of The Hill, Newcastle.

ENJOY meeting new Minister for Brazil in Australia, His Excellency Americo de Gaiavao Bueno and his sparkling, dark-eyed wife, Madame Bueno brings superb collection of old china and Portuguese silver to give homelike note to Brazilian Legation at Canberra. Legation is house which Lady Clive lived in when she was lady-in-waiting to Duchess of Gloucester before marriage to Derek Schreiber. Pride of place in the Bueno luggage is just published book of verse by twenty-year-old daughter Maria Therese, who with nineteen-years-old brother Americo will join parents early this month.

HOLIDAY visit to her mother, Mrs. Dudley Angus, at Hill River Station, Clare, S.A., for recently married Margaret and her husband, Alan Hamer, who fly from Sydney. Early this month Alan flies back here to settle his affairs before going to live in Melbourne, where Margaret joins him later.

Joyce



AT THE OPERA. Lovely gown worn by Mrs. Dan Service when she attends premiere performance of "Mignon" with her husband at Tivoli Theatre. Her gown was of white net with shirred bodice and trimmed with fluffy white ostrich feathers.



HOLIDAY RACEGOERS. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Panther attend race meeting at Randwick together, and try to pick the winners. Mrs. Panther looks cool in white linen frock and white accessories.



COUNTRY VISITORS IN TOWN. Mrs. Norman McGhie, of Keena, near Boggabri, Mrs. E. Stafford, of Sydney, and Mrs. Bertie Hudson, of Yarongah, Boggabri, lunch at Prince's when Mrs. McGhie and Mrs. Hudson holiday in Sydney.



DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Pamela Ivison and her fiance, Terry Booker, who announce their engagement and share party with Pam's sister Pat, who celebrates coming-of-age. Pam is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Ivison, of Ashfield, and Terry is only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Booker, of Yooralla, Leadville.

Whatever Became of Victoria

Continued from page 5

NICK winced. "Make is 'Professor,' he said. 'I can live up to that. Lieutenant makes me nervous... I'm just going through.'

"Nobody," she said, "ever just stops off in Fort Rayes. You've got to be selling something."

"Higher education. I'm in favor of it. Also, the American home."

"All right; if you're going to be difficult, then put it off the record. Joney says you're a marine biologist. Maybe Fort Rayes is going to be inundated, come the flood."

He said, "Off the record, Miss Abernathy, how long have you lived here?"

"I ran out of money in 1939. There was a job here."

"Maybe you can recognise this, then," Nick handed her the snapshot which had been resting unobtrusively in his pocket.

Miss Abernathy studied the picture. "Bathing suits," she said, "have changed since then."

"You don't know the girl?"

She shook her head. "A mystery, Professor?"

"No. Her name's Victoria Banning. She used to live here. I just wondered—"

Miss Abernathy looked at the picture again. "About seventeen, I'd say. Do you like your women seventeen, Professor?"

Nick swallowed a piece of steak he had intended to chew. "Some day," he said, "somebody is going to pin your ears back. That's inevitable. I was nineteen when she gave it to me, twelve years ago."

She said, "You're well preserved." Nick ordered apple pie and ate it. He was surprised to notice that the girl across the table now looked not only harmless but even kind. She said, "When did you hear last from this Victoria?"

"A month after she sent me the picture. The next summer I had a job in Alaska."

"You mean you've never heard from her for twelve years and still you came back here to find out what had become of her? I didn't know people ever did those things—I thought they just thought about them."

"People," he said, "don't do those things. If they do, they get involved with vacant lots."

She said, "Professor, you interest me strangely. Let's go and have a look at some records. Maybe we can find out something."

"Please," he said, "not for a story. It was off the record—remember?"

She said, "This is on me, Professor. No story in this, even though Joney is going to yell murder. You've just got me curious. I want to see how you come out."

The crossed the alley to the front office of the "Fort Rayes Tribune," a small room, gloomy in the corners, illuminated only by a single bulb in front of the dusty bookcase.

Nick sat on a desk while Miss Abernathy worried open the door of the bookcase and wiped dust off thin city directories. She tried three before she was satisfied.

"Here it is," she said. "Just about what I thought. She's listed in 1936—Victoria Banning, student, 314 Crawford Avenue. John and Evelyn Banning, same address, must have been her parents. He was a salesman."

"I guess so. I wasn't much interested in fathers just then."

"They must have moved away that year," she said. "None of them were listed in 1937. The only thing for us to do, Professor, is to talk to some of the neighbors. To-morrow is my day off. You can pick me up here at nine."

Nick said, "What do you get out of this?"

The girl closed the bookcase so hard that a little of the dust on it rose. "I always did want to play Cupid," she said. "Usually I spend my time covering council meetings or writing about some shop's wonderful new front window."

"The latter," he said, "would probably be more interesting."

She said, "Nine, then."

Nick nodded. He was beginning to feel that the quest for Victoria would be very interesting.

It was swelteringly hot at nine o'clock the next morning. Nick took two more steps towards the house now closest to the church then turned round and walked back to the violently green coupe, top down, at the kerb.

He said, "Oh, let's skip it, Sally. The whole idea's silly."

She said, "Professor, you've got stage fright."

"And stop that 'professor' business. I have a name. It's Nick."

"I don't see," she said, "how you ever learn anything about lechthology if you're afraid of the old lady fishes."

"You've been reading a dictionary. What do I do if this woman wants to know why I'm hunting the Bannings?"

"Never mind. I'll ask, and you can sit out here in the sun."

After a fifteen-minute parley at the front door, she got back into the car, letting herself down carefully. "These cushions," she said, "set like frying pans. Drive to Johnstown."

He said, "No. What for?"

"The Bannings moved to Johnstown in the year 1937. Victoria was the prettiest girl in town then, but she wasn't interested in any of the boys here. Mrs. Anderson thinks there may have been somebody she was waiting for."

"You manufactured that."

Blue eyes turned on him were the only icy things in Fort Rayes. Sally said, "Drive to Johnstown."

In Johnstown, they found another city directory, which listed John Banning as a dairy salesman. His home address, however, turned out to be occupied by a Mrs. Arturo Pellagruchi, who did not know much about the Bannings except that they had left the house in terrible condition.

"Lipstick," said Mrs. Pellagruchi. "All over the bathroom and one bedroom. I chase lipstick marks—everywhere lipstick. And all that perfume."

Sally said, "What flavor?"

"Jasmine," said Mrs. Pellagruchi. "The professor," said Sally, "just loves jasmine, don't you, Nicky?"

Nick said, "I don't feel too good."

"The trouble with you is," she said, "you don't realise your big chance to be a romantic figure. All right; miff it if you want to and go on all the rest of your life torturing clams. But this is my day off and I won't have you wasting it."

"In school," she said, "they called you Biceps. I can tell."

"Drive," she said, "to the dairy."

The dairy manager did not know where John Banning might be.

"He left here a year ago," he said. "Said he was going to Summit. You know, I could never make it out. Imagine him having a daughter that was as sweet a dish as that Victoria!"

Nick's voice was giving him trouble. "I heard," he said, "that she put on weight. You know—around the hips."

"I don't know any such thing."

"Did she get her divorce?" Sally's face showed nothing.

"I got absolutely no time," the manager said, "to talk to crazy people. Why, she was built just like—"

He made hand motions. "And as for a divorce, she ain't never been married. Nobody even went steady with her—not that I know anything about it myself. I'm just telling you what I heard."

Nick found a crack through South Johnstown traffic and kept on going south.

"It's a wonder you have not been shot a long time ago," he said. "You're not safe. You say the wrong things."

"And you drive the wrong way. This isn't the Summit road."

He said it was only a few miles to Nashua and some decent places to swim, and that they could go on to Summit from there. He said, "Please, Sally. I need relaxing."

Outside Nashua, she retired to a dressing-room alongside a deep spot in a river. When he met her a few minutes later on the bank, Nick looked at what she was wearing, which was maroon but not exten-



sive. He said, "Not bad. Not bad at all."

She said, "In 1936 people got more for their money."

They dived side by side and stroked toward a float across the river. Sally came up beside him just as he was pulling out on to the float.

She said, "Nicky, you know, Victoria Banning is really lucky. Every woman dreams about some man having a grand passion that would last twelve years, but it doesn't happen to very many."

He said, "Wait a minute. I didn't mention a grand passion. I just said I was curious—"

"Don't spoil it. It's wonderful now."

"You think women really like that sort of thing?"

"Of course. Men thought up this love-on-sight, get-married-the-same-day stuff. Women go along because they have to. Not many men would ever do what you're doing."

"Most men have more brains. I have, too, only—"

She said, "We've wasted enough time. We'll never get to Summit."

In Summit, the Bannings had no telephone and were unlisted in the city directory, but Sally began telephoning dairies. The fourth manager admitted he had a salesman named Banning, who would be in the office in a half-hour.

On the way to the dairy Nick

said, "Look, Sally. I'd feel funny going up to Mr. Banning and asking—"

"Don't worry. I'll go with you. If you can't get the questions out, I will."

She said, John Banning and Nick stared with mutual suspicion across the railings; but Sally said brightly, "You're Mr. Banning?"

"Yeah, that's my name."

"You used to live in Fort Rayes?"

"What do you want to know for?" Mr. Banning asked suspiciously.

"Nothing serious," Sally adjusted her smile. "I'm Sally Abernathy, an old friend of your daughter. I just wondered where I could find Victoria now."

Mr. Banning said, "Oh. I don't seem to remember you. Was you ever around the house in Fort Rayes?"

"Once or twice," Sally said. "I don't think you were home."

Mr. Banning said the obvious: "No, I couldn't have been home. I'd have remembered you." He looked at several details he would have remembered. "Well, Vicky left town about a month ago. Working for an insurance company in Clawson now."

"Most of the girls," Sally said, "are married now. Vicky's not married?"

"No, not yet."

"Maybe she's waiting for somebody."

"I reckon that's right," Mr. Banning was frowning at Nick now.

"All the girls always seem to be waiting for somebody."

Sally said, "Well, thanks, Mr. Banning. I'm glad to know where Vicky is."

"That's all right," he said. "I was kind of careful when you came in—when somebody starts looking you up, you never know." He looked at Nick once more. "It does seem like I've seen you somewhere before, young feller."

Nick's voice worked, surprising him. "I don't see how you could have. I live out on the Pacific Coast."

In the car, Sally said, "We'll have to hurry to get to Clawson before dark."

"Maybe," he said, "getting there in the dark would be all right."

It was not dark when they reached the tired old town, but it was late afternoon, and only one elderly woman was in the insurance office.

"No," she said. "Everybody else goes home Wednesday afternoons."

Banning? Yes, there's a new girl here. No, I couldn't give you her home address even if I had it. Company rules, especially for anybody as pretty as she is."

"Never mind," said Sally. "We'll come back to-morrow."

Halfway back to Fort Rayes, Nick stopped at a roadside. "We've been driving about all day without enough to eat," he said. "You're not in any special hurry?"

Please turn to page 23

WORTH Reporting

FALLING under the charm of Evie Hayes' personality has been expensive for Melbourne girls Brooke Carpenter and Shirley Marshall. Each has seen "Annie Get Your Gun" 110 times.

Brooke has spent about £40 for seats. She's not content until in the front row of the front stalls, near enough to smile and be smiled at by Evie.

As well, Brooke pays a press cutting agency 25/- a hundred for clippings mentioning her star. Other incidentals include regular gifts of flowers to Evie, and two programmes at each show she attends.

"The two programmes are just a habit," she says.

Brooke travelled to Sydney recently to see the show. She attended every performance, including matinees, during her fortnight.

In fact, Evie is the hobby of Brooke, who lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Carpenter, at Elwood, Victoria.

Shirley Marshall, switchgirl at a Melbourne insurance firm, has seen "Annie Get Your Gun" from every part of the theatre, including a good many times from the "gods."

Both girls know the script by heart. Neither has stage ambitions, but Brooke says she feels as keyed up before a performance as if she were appearing on the stage herself.

Brooke thinks the show is always better on Friday nights because the audience seems in a good mood. Pay day may have something to do with this.

Brooke and Shirley met shortly after Brooke launched the Evie Hayes Fan Club in Melbourne. The club, which has about 30 members, most of whom have seen "Annie" five or six times, has been working to endow an Evie Hayes Cot at the Children's Hospital.

Shirley, who also paid a visit to Sydney recently to see the show again, went twice a day when there were matinees. Some time ago she hand-worked a set of handkerchiefs for Evie, showing the star in her various costumes.

Both girls would like to see the show a hundred times more.

They explain that Evie Hayes' "terrific personality" cheers them up "so much." Brooke has twelve autographed pictures of Evie in her bedroom, and when Shirley opens her eyes in the mornings she's greeted by seven smiling framed portraits.

Shirley went to see Cicely Courtneidge in "Under the Counter" six times. Usually neither girl bothers to see a stage show more than once.

Another Melbourne enthusiast is Dick Linton, son of Sir Richard and Lady Linton, of South Yarra. Dick has paid three visits to Sydney to see his favorites in action, after the Melbourne season closed, including a dash up to be among the first-nighters when it opened in Sydney.

But his attendances trail far behind the record.

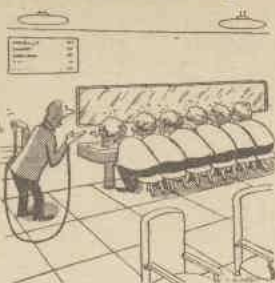
He's only been fifty times!

WE heard a tip from a Melbourne girl who, when she goes dancing, anchors her heavy earrings firmly to her ears by applying liberal dabs of household cement or some sticky substance to the lobes before screwing on the rings. Says she finds cement by far the best, and that it washes off easily afterwards.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"He'll see us, all right—he's our Scoutmaster."



"Everybody ready for the rinse?"

Lending layettes

LAYETTE "lending libraries" in Hungary and the regular use of infants' paper garments in Finland are striking examples of continued critical shortages abroad—and of Red Cross ingenuity in overcoming them.

The Hungarian Red Cross, in an effort to meet needs in that country and stretch available supplies, lends its layettes for an eight to twelve month period upon presentation of the baby's birth certificate and following investigation of the family need. The parents must accept responsibility for returning the clothes at the end of the loan period, washed and clean.

The Finnish Red Cross is distributing paper layettes—towels, sheets, diapers, and shirts—to new parents in that country unable to obtain the regular cloth product. Special types of paper, some so tough they may be washed two or three times, are used.

GIRL we know had a day's swimming and sunbaking at Bondi Beach, N.S.W. She wore a white cotton bathing suit with colored spots. Having a pretty good sunburn already, she didn't get burnt on the exposed areas, but got a shock when taking a shower to find the rest of her was pink with white soap suds. The sun had burned through the white cotton, been resisted by the spots.

Successful author

DR. PAUL WHITE, medical missionary in Tanganyika from 1936 to 1941, kept a diary during those years. It has provided material for seven books, the latest being "Jungle Doctor's Enemies."

Mr. George Dash, publisher of Dr. White's books, says that, once the news of a new "Jungle" book is announced, orders and batches of telegrams flow in 500 at a time.

Mr. "Billy" Hughes is a great admirer of the books, and wrote to say that "Jungle Doctor's Enemies" was a book worth reading.

Forty radio stations here in Australia broadcast serials written by Dr. White on Tanganyika.

When he went there as a young graduate from Sydney University, Dr. White took his wife, and their first child, Rosemary, was born on the mission station.

The mission station, incidentally, is at the spot where Stanley travelled in his search for Livingstone. Thirty miles away is a town, Dodoma, but to travel there takes 12 hours or more, as there are 14 rivers to cross.

About 800 babies a year were delivered by Dr. White and his small nursing staff at the cost of 2/- a child.

Conditions were primitive in the hospital. Instruments were sterilized in kerosene cans heated by a primus.

Dr. White now devotes two days a week to private practice in Sydney and the rest of the week to church work.

Pioneer businesswoman

A PARADE of fashions old and new celebrated the diamond jubilee of the clothing firm of E. Lucas and Co., held at Ballarat.

The dressers included the velvets and brocades fashionable in the 'eighties, when the late Mrs. Lucas started the sewing business which has developed into such a flourishing firm.

Formerly Mrs. Eleanor Price, she was left a widow in 1876, with three daughters and a baby son. She bought a sewing machine and started to make "bannels and shirts" for Ballarat drapers.

In 1886 she married Mr. William Lucas, who died two years later. So she reopened her sewing business as E. Lucas and Co.

Her employees, the "Lucas Girls," have played a big part in the industrial history of Ballarat. In 1893 her 20 girls sewed with 12 treadle machines in a room in her little wooden house in James Street. By 1894 her son Edward had erected a wooden shed in the back garden. Since then, moves were made twice to larger premises, and in 1914 the firm became a proprietary company.

Until her death in 1923 Mrs. Lucas guided the business.

In 1905 another pioneer businesswoman joined the firm. She was Miss M. L. Chennel, who later became Mrs. W. D. Thompson. She was one of the first women travellers. She became famous throughout the Commonwealth in business circles.

The money for Ballarat's famous Arch of Victory and Avenue of Honor, memorial to Ballarat men who fought in World War I, was raised by the "Lucas Girls."

The first instalment towards the £10,000 cost was raised by a football match which the girls played, wearing short pleated skirts, long-sleeved white jumpers, and white knitted tasselled caps.

The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was scheduled to open the Arch during his visit in 1920, but labor trouble in the brick industry held up the work. Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Thompson, and the girls went out to the memorial and handed bricks themselves during the hold-up.

Later, when the Prince inspected the Lucas factory, he was presented with a pair of satin charmeuse pyjamas, to the making of which every girl in the factory had contributed at least one stitch.

Sculpture in wood

YOUNG sculptor Owen Broughton, whose "Horse's Head" in wood was one of two pieces of C.R.T.S. students' work bought recently by the Department of Post-War Reconstruction, believes that sculpture should be handled as well as looked at.

The head was carved from stringy bark, wood usually used for wharves and railway sleepers, a piece of which Owen found floating in the water.

He told us that, although he was carving a horse's head from it, he wanted to retain the characteristics of the wood, a medium which improves with handling.

A fellow student at East Sydney Technical College is Justin Reaney, of Longueville, Sydney, whose head, "The Assyrian," was also bought by the department. Both pieces are in the exhibition of students' work which will eventually be shown in all States.

True to artistic tradition, Owen lives in an attic. It overlooks Woolloomooloo Bay, in Sydney, with the Domain in the background and the tall city buildings behind the trees.

When he is not working it's as neat as a ship's cabin, rendered so by quarts of cream paint. The walls, in some places only a few feet high, are lined with books, which he has used as furnishing.

Unusual decor is a large sheet of drawing paper that covers the back of the door, on which guests are asked to scribble their names.

After leaving The King's School, Sydney, where he learned drawing, Owen worked with a firm that specialised in mending fine china.

He joined the A.I.P. at 18, and served in a mobile workshop unit, with the 9th Division in Borneo.



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DICK FAIR

and his lovely daughter

agree:

"You can't beat HORLICKS

for flavour

and nourishment!"



Here you see Dick with his ten-year-old daughter Peita — both enjoying their Horlicks. Dick Fair wouldn't miss his cup of Horlicks before bed. He says it helps him to sleep well and gives him new energy for each day. Peita also is a great believer in Horlicks. She says: "I just adore that Horlicks flavour!"



When you sit back and enjoy "Australia's Amateur Hour" you probably don't realise how much work and organisation goes on behind the scenes. "My week takes a lot out of me," says Dick Fair, "but Horlicks helps me keep right on top. Horlicks gives me extra energy — when I need it most. You'll always find Horlicks in our home."

How would you like to travel 10,000 miles every year! That's what Dick Fair does with "Australia's Amateur Hour"—Australia's favourite radio programme.

On top of that, auditions, rehearsals and weekly performances all take a lot out of Dick. Do you wonder he needs the extra energy Horlicks gives? "When I feel I am slowing down, I have a Horlicks," says Dick. "I find it the most nourishing food drink of all."

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(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)

Whatever Became of Victoria

Continued from page 20

SALLY admitted she was not. They took their time over fried chicken and when he suggested feeding the juke-box and dancing she only hesitated. "I don't know whether I should. It doesn't seem quite fair to Victoria."

"I never knew a woman who had such a one-track mind." Nick fed the machine at his elbow half a dozen coins. When he rose, Sally came to his arms. Neither a cruiser nor the Alaskan beaches had been good dancing training, but he surprised himself. With Sally, he was good. Her head also fitted nicely against his shoulder and her hair had a faint and pleasant perfume. It was not jasmine.

Sally said, "Professor, if the girls in Western University knew about this, your classes would be jammed." "Professors," he said, "take an awful beating. Just the name makes most people think about grey beads and rheumatism. As a matter of fact, I know several professors who are very lively. Some of them even have their hair."

She said, "I'm a working woman, Nicky, and that Jones is a slave-driver. I have to be at the office at seven in the morning."

He said, "That is not right. Nobody—I mean, nobody like you—should have to work like that."

"That," she said, "is exactly what I think." But when he stopped the convertible in front of the house where she said she had a room Sally was back to business.

"If you don't want to go back to Clawson alone," she said, "I'll go with you tomorrow afternoon."

He said, "I'm through about two on Thursday after the Rotary luncheon."

He said, "Sally, about Victoria, I really don't think—"

She said, "Two. Then, at the office."

In the morning he could find nothing to do, so he drove around. On the fourth, I am around the block bounding the e

"Fort Rayon Tribune," people began to stare at the green car.

So he stopped at the restaurant and drank two cups of coffee. Howard Jones joined him for the second.

"Sally turned in a punk story about you," he said. "She missed all the clamor."

Nick said, "She's a nice girl."

"Oh, so that's how it is."

"That's how what is?"

"Nothing at all. Skip it. But the next female reporter I hire is going to have wars."

"The trouble with you is," Nick said, "you oppress your employees. You're a fat little tyrant with no soul."

Jones finished his coffee, rose, and, from a standing position, was able to pat Nick's head.

"Never mind, Lieutenant," he said. "You'll get over it in time. The State is paved with men getting over Sally." He took a couple of steps towards the door.

"You know," he said, "that satisfies a longtime ambition of mine. I always did want to pat a lieutenant on the head. I'll tell you what—I'll celebrate. I'll cover the Rotary Club myself and you can pay for Sally's lunch. I'll tell her you're waiting."

The highway to Clawson was a boiling white strip. When they reached the outskirts of the town, Sally stirred for the first time. She said, "Professor, I can't get over it. You've got this thing whipped. Victoria is going to be one thrilled chick."

Nick said, "Look, Sally; I still don't think—"

"Oh, you can't worry about anything now. The hard part's over. All you have to do is to go in and see her."

Nick drove past the insurance company.

Sally said, "You drove past the insurance company."

"No parking hole."

She said, "Drive around the block. I saw one right in front of the door. Get a grip on yourself, Professor. You're all right now."

"I am not nervous," he said. "It's not that at all."

"Then pull right in there. I'll tell you—I'll wait until you get inside the door. Then I'll go down the street. I wouldn't want to spoil your moment."

Victoria is willing, you can pick me up at the hotel later and take me home, but if you don't come by seven I'll know you took her to dinner, and I'll catch a bus."

She reached over to straighten his necktie. "There, now; you even look romantic. Go on in."

"I won't know what to say to her."

"That," she said, "will make absolutely no difference. She'll know."

Nick slammed the coupe door behind him and walked slowly towards the insurance company office, set back from the street. He got halfway. Then he made up his mind, and acted on it.

Acting on it meant turning around and walking back to the coupe much faster than he had walked away from it. He leaned across the right-hand door, scowling from close range at the innocent blue eyes.

"I wish," he said, "that you'd get one thing through your thick and beautiful skull. I'm not going in there to see Victoria. I don't want to see Victoria. Is that clear?"

The blue eyes did not waver. "You did want to. You said so."

"I did, but now I don't. Now I don't give a hang about Victoria. You and I are going back to Fort Rayon. We're going back right now. I'm all through being shoved around. You understand that?"

One small corner of Sally's very nice mouth curved. "You do not have to."

"I never thought you wanted to. I thought all the time you had more sense."

Nick got into the car. He said, "Sally, the other day you said women never liked love-at-first-sight or getting-married-right-away. No women?"

The girl beside him was quite small and completely motionless.

"There are always exceptions," she said. "One funny thing about newspaper work. Once you're in it, you have to take terrible chances to get out again. Especially a girl."

"Are you worried about getting out?"

"I was," she said, "but I don't think I am now."

A Clawson policeman put his arm on the door of the car. He frowned at Nick and Sally. "You'll have to move on," he said. "There's cars lined up behind you for three blocks."

Elizabeth Kingman smiled at her daughter-in-law across two second cups of coffee, which they both recognised as the privilege of women in any house after the men have scurried off to work. She said, "Everything has been so hectic, Sally, that we really haven't had a chance to talk. I was just wondering—Is there anything special you'd like me to tell you about Nick?"

"Like why he almost never wears socks that match?"

"Well—"

"Nicky is sweet and romantic," Sally said slowly. "Maybe you ought to tell me one thing—how many more old photographs are there in the attic?"

Elizabeth liked her new daughter-in-law. She also understood her at least three-quarters of the time.

(Copyright)



It seems to me....

THIS column is being produced under great difficulties, because my week has been entirely dominated by a batch of mango chutney.

I came back from a week-end in Brisbane with a bag of green mangoes and a recipe.

You girls who win prizes in our cooking competitions may snigger, but assembling the ingredients took me two full lunch-hours and the efforts of young men in two large city grocery emporiums who at last found root ginger, pimento, and peppercorns.

A tour of six fruiterers' finally landed chilies, of which I bought rather hysterically the last six in the shop for a shilling.

The result was some frantic raking out of chilli from the mixture at the last minute.

I now wish I had made a kerosene tin full, not because I need more than three ounces of the stuff for myself, but because of that peculiar selfish pleasure known only by women who make jars of this and that and bestow them on their friends.

The moment the last sentence on this page is finished I am off to the chain stores to buy some little stick-on labels and inscribe them in a fair, round hand, "Mango Chutney, D.D." and the date.

THE above paragraph bears out what I have remarked from time to time, that King's Cross is a residential area which falls far short of its reputation for wild life and has more business girls cooking chops and veg. than pistol-packin' mommas.

However, it is laudable of property owners to keep up the district's prestige. So it was with pleasure that I noted in a tobaccoist's window a pencilled sheet of paper which should help keep the summer visitors happy. It read:

"Lithgow, 22, single shot.
"Lithgow, 22, repeater.
"Winchester, 44, repeater.
"Browning, 22, automatic.
"AMMO FOR ALL RIFLES."

PROFESSOR BERTRAND RUSSELL started quite a discussion when he said in a broadcast that people needed a stronger outlet for their savage instincts than football matches if they were to live peacefully.

One would not deny that football is a fairly savage game for the players. But the professor, judging by the rest of his talk, obviously meant the spectators.

Personally, I have never felt savage at a football match, being much too busy trying to disentangle one team from the other and get a glimmering of what is going on. Sometimes my companions have answered my innocent questions rather savagely.

What seems faulty in the professor's contention is the inference that people aren't satisfied with a peaceful existence. I think they are.

Undoubtedly war gives an excitement to many, but if you took a ballot among the individuals of the world you'd find an overwhelming majority who'd be satisfied with nothing more savage in life than killing slugs in the garden. Unfortunately individuals don't make the decisions about war—they only fall into line.

Our Don becomes Sir Don
And we may look upon
A knight whose fame was sealed
On many a field
But unlike knights of old
Was seldom bowled.



Dorothy Drain

AFTER a couple of news items in the papers recently it appears that the best profession to choose is that of a musician.

When a distinguished Yugoslav composer, Lucyan Marya Skerjanc, was charged with shoplifting in Britain, he said he hadn't been able to find a shop assistant. The magistrate, dismissing the case, said, "All these famous musicians are somewhere up above where practical people cannot follow."

About the same time the Finnish Government closed to traffic the roads round the home of 83-year-old Jan Sibellus, explaining that they did not want to disturb the composer's inspiration.

Goodness knows where this special consideration could stop, as artists and writers aren't likely to let musical people get away with all the privileges.

But perhaps there's no danger in this country. Authors have been struggling, without success, to get their taxation averaged over a period of years instead of being socked for tax in one year on the earnings of a book which took much longer to write.

So it would not be much use telling the parking authorities, for instance, that you were too busy mulling over a new plot to see the No-Parking sign.

NOMINATED as the season's most deplorable portmanteau word—"Lelsuals," used in a shoe window to describe men's sports sandals.

A NEW ailment has been found in New York—televitis—inflammation of the eyes caused by watching television screens for too long.

Man is an animal who's so inventive
He finds new ills as fast as old ones fade,
As soon as he discovers a preventive
Announces proudly some disease he's made.
Young ladies now can choose their own neurosis,
No longer with "declines" this life depart,
Though penicillin and the sulphadiazoles
Are still resisted by a broken heart.
But should our friends unfortunately sight us
When wishing to conceal the signs of tears
We say, "Oh, don't be silly—televitis!"
Not "Just a cold," like girls of former years.

SYDNEY'S two first women traffic police have reappeared in the city during the school holidays—and by the interest one attracted you'd have thought she was a visitor from Mars.

The two were appointed 12 months ago, caused a stir of interest, then took up duty directing school traffic and lecturing school children on traffic.

But, the children being on holidays, one was stationed the other day on one of the busiest intersections in the city, the corner of Pitt and Market Streets.

You should have seen the expressions on the faces of the men who cluttered the already crowded footpaths to stare!

Young and old they stood, some happily amused as if the sight of a handsome young woman stopping and starting cars was better than a music-hall joke.

Others, especially the old ones, chewed their pipes and watched intently, hopeful that the lady would direct the traffic into the street without lines, or snarl up the traffic in some other amusing way.

In contrast, women especially elderly ones, were nodding to each other in admiration, as if her competence was a triumph for their sex—which it is, too, because 10 more are being appointed.

Sixteen-stone-seven of high spirits and humor

Two-Ton Tessie O'Shea doesn't mind being fat but her wardrobe is a problem

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Christened Teresa, it's natural—if you're a gurgling, chubby, pink-and-white baby—that you're going to be called Tessie.

With a name like Tessie O'Shea, made—if ever a name was—to go in electric lights over a theatre foyer, it follows that you've got to go into show business. Especially if, as in the case of English comedienne Two-Ton Tessie O'Shea, now topping the bill at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, you become more chubby, more pink-and-white, and more gurgling as you grow older.

TWO-TON TESSIE'S a great big girl with a great big voice. She weighs 16½ stone, is 5ft. 6in. tall. It takes 12 yards of material to make a simple stage dress for her. Her age is 34.

"Dress coupons don't go far in England when you're fat, love," she says in her warm, cooling voice.

"Imagine twelve yards of material for a dress! That would be enough for two other people."

"They even made one of my stage dresses with a bustle—here, look at it! Now, fancy me with a bustle! I can supply my own!" Tessie slaps herself in rich appreciation of the joke.

Due to a slight misunderstanding of what constitutes an Australian summer, she brought only two light-

weight dresses with her.

One of these is the blue linen shirt frock she wore in the film "London Town." "I've taken a fancy to it, love," she says.

Those who saw "The Way Ahead" will remember Tessie, who made her film debut in it as the singer of "If You Were the Only Girl in the World." More recently she appeared as the fat girl on the swing in "London Town," with comedian Sid Field.

"Sid's come good now," Tessie says. "But I remember the time when I was the only person in England who thought he was funny."

"Sid was handing feed lines to another comedian; I sang to keep things going when they were moving the scenery. But I used to stand in the wings and laugh at Sid instead of at the star comedian. Not a bad talent scout, eh, love?"

Tessie O'Shea had an Irish-American father, a Welsh mother. She talks on and off stage in a provincial accent that is as friendly as a warm kitchen.

Fabulous heroine

LIKE most other people, Tessie has a heroine. She's the fabulous, famous Sophie Tucker, The Last of the Red Hot Mommas. Though not the figure she was, Sophie is still a big girl, too.

"I went and made her acquaintance the last time she was visiting London and appearing at the Casino," Tessie sighed.

"Sophie's sixty now, not the fine figure of a woman she was when she was younger, but what a voice, what a technique! She just stands there and sings."

Tessie's own technique is to burst on the audience like a whirlwind, shout them down, cuddle them, take them to her warm, expansive heart.

Her golden hair flies into wisps during the process, Tessie pants cheerfully, flings herself against the grand piano for a breather, ambles back to the edge of the stage to renew the attack.

Two-Ton Tessie's personality isn't just breezy, it's of gale force. Her

TWO-TON TESSIE sings and dances. The English comedienne in fine form at a rehearsal.

voice hits the back of the gallery in traditional music-hall style.

She sings sweet, blue, comic, and hot by turns, accompanying each with appropriate actions, attacks on the ukulele, and verbal asides. Boiled down it's typical English provincial music-hall. The audience love it.

"I'm a homely sort of entertainer," she explains. "I just try to be pally with everyone. That's me—no frills."

"Superstitious?" Tessie said. "Of course I am. Bless your heart, all stage people are. Love, I wouldn't dream of making my entrance or exit to anything other than a few bars from 'Two-Ton Tessie From Tennessee.'"

"That's my good luck piece. I first sang it on the North Pier at Blackpool. That's where people first began to take notice of me and call me 'Two-Ton Tessie.'"

Before that, in her early teens, she was billed as "The Kute Comedy Kid," a billing thought up by her mother.

"Think of it, darlin'," Two-Ton Tessie says. "That was me, three K's and all."

"Of course," she said seriously, "I

TESSIE O'SHEA possesses in abundance the philosophy of the fat and jolly. "If you're going to get fat, you get fat," she says comfortably. "It's no good worrying and getting wrinkles. You're either born that way or you're not."

Certainly no wrinkles mar the opulent expanse of Tessie's genuine peaches-and-cream complexion.

"What I really wish you'd say is that I'm not padded," Tessie said, pushing a shapely ankle from beneath a white brocade negligee. "At home some people have said my body must be padded because I've slender hands and legs."

"I had to have a special song written in reply. It was called 'I've a Little Bit Here and a Little Bit There, But It All Belongs To Me.'"

Publisher's advice on song-writing success

Australian songwriters should fraternise with band-leaders and singers if they want to have their songs published, according to American song publisher Ralph Peer, who is visiting Australia with his wife, Monique.

"If their songs are good and they can induce popular recording and radio artists to present them, then they stand a good chance of having them published," he said.

"In fact, it's the only way that they will get them published because few music companies will handle a song that simply comes in manuscript form through the post."

"A publisher must know that the public has heard the number, preferably through a recording, because that is more permanent than a radio presentation."

Ralph Peer should be well qualified to advise songwriters, because his firm, the Southern Music Company, which he started in 1926, is the biggest of its kind in the world. It has branches in most countries.

An Australian branch was established in Sydney recently, and Ralph Peer and his wife are here to look over our song-writing field.

During their visit, however, the Peers will not accept through the post any envelope or parcel that might contain music manuscripts.

"It's the most dangerous thing any music publisher can do," said Ralph Peer.

"Every time a hit number comes out the publisher is threatened with lawsuits by amateur songwriters who allege it is a copy of one of their songs."

"They're usually nuisance suits, and they're annoying, but they would be dangerous if we indiscriminately examined every manuscript we received."

Ralph Peer said there are 2,500,000 amateur songwriters in the United States and a proportionate number in other countries.

"They all think the publisher looks at a song and exclaims, 'This is going to be a hit,' but it doesn't work that way," he said.

"There are only about 15 big successes a year, and very few are natural hits."

"We can never predict a hit, but simply have to keep plugging a song in the hope that the public will take it up."

He quoted "So Tired," the current popular tune in England, as an example of successful plugging.

"Bandleader Russ Morgan recorded it in America, but it flopped badly," he said.

"It was included in a bundle of recordings sent to the U.S. Army radio station in Berlin, and the early morning announcer played it

every day simply because he thought it appropriate.

"English people listening in on the short-wave liked it, started asking for it in the music houses, and now it's the rage in England."

"But it's still a flop in America."

The Southern Music Company handled only Negro tunes and hill-billy numbers during its first few years, but branched out into popular melodies early in the 1930's.

One of its biggest money-makers was Hoagy Carmichael's "Lazy Bones," published in 1933.

Lyric-writer Johnny Mercer was also one of Ralph Peer's early finds.

Monique Peer is a vice-president of her husband's music company.

Born in London, she was educated in England and then studied in Germany and Switzerland. She did further studies in Belgium and Paris before taking up broadcasting work in New York, where she met her husband.

Their particular friends include Walt Disney and Carmen Miranda.

They are very fond of Carmen, a "most unexpected person without any ego at all."

"She feels that every success she has is due to her fellow workers, and I can tell you that's a rare thing in Hollywood," said Mrs. Peer.

Walt Disney, with whom they often travel, is a "pretty good egg," and Bing Crosby is "one of the best."

Ralph Peer said the Australian branch of his company would publish anything that had a "chance to break even," but he is not optimistic about developing his business here rapidly.



ON PORTABLE MACHINE, song publisher Ralph Peer dictates correspondence. Records are airmailed to his New York secretary, Monique, his wife, looks through Australian song published by their company.



TEEN-AGERS applaud the election of 16-year-old Faye Naylor (standing) as Chief Citizen of the Y.W.C.A. National Conference for Teen-agers, in Sydney. Faye is a telephonist from Townsville, Queensland.

Teen-agers from all States exchange ideas

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Chief hate of the 100 Australian girls who met at Coxton Park, Sydney, over New Year for the Y.W.C.A. National Conference for Teen-agers is the over-sophisticated Hollywood version of the American teen-ager.

"Film teen-agers can't possibly be true to life," they told me, when I attended a session of their conference.

THEY either drip about the place in luscious clothes or tear around like mad things organising concerts that turn out like extravagant musical-comedy productions.

"We think it all silly because we're sure the American teen-ager, although more highly publicised than we are, is pretty much like us, with the same likes and dislikes."

I asked them about their likes and dislikes, and received a chorus of

ON AGENDA

DISCUSSION groups at the conference dealt with many subjects and exchanged ideas on the smooth running of Y.W.C.A. Co-Ed. and Citizen Clubs throughout Australia.

They decided that if they want to become leaders in their respective communities they must develop steadfastness, humility, understanding, adaptability, tact, and a sense of humor. They agreed that these qualities could not be acquired at once but would "come with the years."

replies. It seems they like crooner Perry Como. They were almost one voice on that point.

"He just puts you to sleep," said 18-year-old cashier Isabelle Murray, of Townsville, Queensland.

They all have an affection for Bing Crosby, but think he's a "bit too jazzy and a bit old."

Frank Sinatra had only three admirers, but they were ardent in their praise of him, and, in the words of 17-year-old Leita Martin, of Broken Hill, N.S.W., he's "super colossus."

Danny Kaye reigns supreme as an entertainer, but mention of the names of Gregory Peck and James Mason drew gasps of admiration.

In the feminine acting field they plump for Ingrid Bergman and Betty Hutton, with Esther Williams way out in front as the star they'd like to resemble in appearance.

"Great Expectations," "Pastoral Symphony," and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" were favorite films.

"Fantasie Impromptu" and all of Chopin's waltzes have a high popularity rating, while their favorite modern recordings include the Graeme Bell Jazz Band's playing of "Smoky Mokes" and Vaughn Monroe's "Ballerina."



JIVE EXPERTS Betty Hayes and Len Barnes, of Sydney, "get hep" at Conference dance. Y.W.C.A. members were guests of the girls.

The girls think they are a lot luckier than teen-agers of earlier generations because they are invariably trusted by their parents and therefore enjoy more freedom.

"In days gone by girls had to go behind their parents' backs to enjoy even the simplest pleasures, with the result that they sometimes lost all sense of balance," said youthful Val Hoffman, of Brisbane.

"It's not like that to-day. To some people it may look as though we have too much freedom, but we're learning to stand on our own two feet, and we all know that our parents are our best friends."

The girls think their American sisters can teach them a great deal about formal clothes, but they do not want to become as casual in their dress as some American teen-agers, although they like pedal-pushers, autographed sloppy Joes, similar clothes for "rough wear."

"But the idea of getting around in

dirty old jeans and men's old shirts doesn't appeal to us," they told me. While the girls admit that they "like boys," they think American girls are "too mad about them."

Fifteen-year-old English newcomer to the Y.W.C.A., Zena Redstone, of Perth, however, criticises Australian girls in this respect.

"They're too keen about boys, too," she said.

"They chase the boys all the time, but English girls don't. They let the boys chase them."

In reply, the girls all said Zena is a "bit young yet."

The conference, which lasted a week, was for Y.W.C.A. members under 18 years of age. The girls attending it came from various parts of Australia, and those who could not afford to pay all their expenses were helped by members of their own particular "Y" club.

Their days were taken up with sports, hobbies, excursions, singing, acting, dancing, and lazing.



CONFERENCE AGENDA is studied by June Goodrich, 17, Marjorie Bruce, 16, both of Adelaide, and Narelle Reynolds, 14, of Newcastle.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 15, 1949

RATHER to my surprise, Cincotta received my question with an indifferent shrug.

"Why not?" he asked. "Joe can get plenty jobs. Valda can get plenty men. But me? I am the poor mug because Varella must have his fun. I lose a good rider the dimes come twice to see in the two-night stands and now you want I should lose little Valda."

He smiled deprecatingly, showing all his teeth. "Well, mister, I still got that mangy lion and a good elephant. I should worry." He lit a cigarette without offering me one.

"Where is she now?" he asked.

"Quite safe," I told him.

He grinned. "Wherever she is she will not stay my friend. She is circus. When she hears the band to-night she will come running. Tomorrow she forgets you. The day after the force Varella."

He bawled instructions to a man fixing some gear at the top of the tent, then turned to me apologetically.

"Excuse me," he said. "Plenty to do, you understand. Tell Valda she shall take it easy. Find her some simple act." He took my arm familiarly and steered me towards the entrance. "Don't worry too much, doc. Circus girls is tough."

"What exactly does Valda do?" I asked, but he was no longer interested. His eyes had gone to the tent top again and he directed such a spate of obscenity at the fellow perched there I was glad to escape.

I paused at the entrance, feeling for a cigarette, and heard a complaining circus hand: "Listen to him. I feel like turning the same in. There's no programmes to-night. How does he think a man can live without sidelines?"

As I lit my cigarette a telegraph messenger thrust an envelope at me.

"Mr. Cincotta?"

I pointed to the ring. A moment later I heard Cincotta's shout. "Doc!" He came hurrying, waving a telegram, and thrust it under my nose. "See! Joe, he is not such a bad fellow, eh?"

I read the message: "I admit nothing but give Valda ten pounds for me."

Cincotta said: "He has got a conscience that fellow. I'll bet he's been worrying and this morning he sends the telegram." He tapped the paper. "See—from the city." He put the envelope in his pocket.

"Poor Joe. He thinks maybe he'll have bad luck if he don't do the right thing. Very superstitious. D'you know, doc, that man is so superstitious he has a picture of some saint pasted in his watch-case so he can get protection any minute! Well!"

He clapped his hands, rubbing them together as if all were well with the world, then said, "Now I get Valda back to-night, sure. Ten pounds, eh? That makes everything okay-doke."

I was a little disgusted with Mr. Cincotta but had to admit he knew his people. At any rate, Valda refused Nell's pressing invitation to remain for dinner. I impressed upon her the wisdom of resting and she promised to take things easy.

We assured ourselves we didn't want to see the circus. Distantly we could hear the band and noisy ballyhoo, and occasionally the poor lion roared. The footsteps and excited chatter of people on their way to the show came to us clearly.

"I wish I knew what that girl is doing," Mona said.

"Cincotta promised she could do some simple act," I protested.

Continued from page 15

"Simple," she cried. "What's simple about circus acts? Do you call swinging by your toes from a trapeze ninety miles high simple?" She eyed me sternly. "You ought to be there to forbid it."

"Which adds up to—you'd like to see the circus?" I said.

"It's all very well to be complaining," Mona said, "but I keep thinking of that poor lamb." She added, contemptuously, "The show's got to go on! Laugh, clown, laugh!"

"All right," Nell said, good-naturedly, "just to satisfy ourselves Valda isn't being cruelly exploited, we'll go. We'll take cushions. I'm patriotic, but sitting on Union Jacks spread over bleachers isn't my idea of comfort."

"We shouldn't be thinking of ourselves," Mona said. "We should be thinking of that unhappy girl."

Cincotta was standing near the entrance, a picturesque figure in colorful riding-coat and breeches, which costume he evidently preferred to the ringmaster's more traditional dress suit. He flashed me a smile and I asked after Valda. He shrugged characteristically.

"My friend, I have done my best," he went on hurriedly. "But it is only a little act. Just looking pretty."

As we were hustled along the

gangway by those following, Mona whispered, "Who was that?"

"Cincotta. Valda's boss," I told her.

"He looks every inch a gangster," she commented, and just then a megaphone voice announced the grand parade, and we had only just reached our seats when the cavalcade entered.

When, later, Valda tripped into the ring, Mona gasped and clutched my arm. Valda was looking very pretty, not in tight time, but in a rather stunning two-piece affair.

"It's her," Mona said.

"Looking exactly like you," I whispered.

"Oh, shut up," she said, her eyes on the ring. "Now, listen, Rodney, if she starts performing catherine-wheels you must stop the show."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I said. "Besides, she isn't going to perform catherine-wheels."

Valda had advanced to the centre of the ring, followed by Cincotta. The latter cupped his hand and into it she placed a shivered foot. Her hands grasped a hanging rope, and she began to climb. At the tent top she rested a moment on a trapeze, and then, while Mona protested so audibly that even Nell shushed her, began posing on the rope.

FROM the ring below, Cincotta pulled upon the end of the rope so that Valda, clinging now by her feet, now by her hands, swayed gently while a spotlight picked up her rounded figure and the band played dreamy music.

Mona said: "It's ghastly. She'll be dashed to pieces."

It would be a nasty drop, I thought, but there was nothing harmful in the exercises themselves.

When it was over and Valda had bowed herself out of the ring, Mona said indignantly: "And that's what that man calls a simple little act! Butcher her to make a Roman holiday! Making her swing in mid-air with a breaking heart!"

In bed that night Mona tossed and turned and suddenly was wide awake, sitting up abruptly.

"I've just remembered," she said. "That fat gipsy mistook me for someone. He thought I was Valda. They'd prophesied misfortune for her."

"What of it?" I asked. "They were right for once. Her man's run away, hasn't he?"

"Listen, Rodney," my wife said, "there was something foreboding about that gipsy. There was death in his eye."

"You've been dreaming," I said.

"Anyway," she said, settling down, "to-morrow you're driving us to the gipsies' camp. I'm going to see what I can find out."

To be concluded

The Female Circumstance

Continued from page 7

CONSTANCE walked away quickly. The cow seemed to sense the atmosphere of the moment and followed Jeff moodily home.

"I'm going into my study," Mrs. Blodgett said when he got back home. "I'm not to be disturbed."

In the hall, Jan stopped him and said, "What did you say to Miss Pryor and what did she say to you?"

"How do you know we said anything?"

"I could see you from upstairs."

"Oh," Jeff said.

"Wasn't it nice of Miss Pryor?"

Jan said, "It's probably just what I need for my love interest."

"Now, now," Jeff said, and escaped into his study.

The dogged urge to restore old farm-houses was deep-rooted in Stardale residents. It had made a decent living for Jeff as an architect, but he found it difficult now to concentrate on the plans of the old Roberts place. Mrs. Blodgett solved things about fifteen minutes later with the news that the cow had worked her magic on the bars again and was gone. Jeff trailed her to a nearby neighbor, settled quickly for the damage and returned to have his lunch.

Back at work, it was almost impossible for Jeff to stay awake, and just as difficult to separate sleep from wakefulness. At one point when he was certain he was hard at work, he clearly heard Jan addressing the cow as "Mother," and woke in a cold sweat.

Sleep finally took over. He had a remarkably vivid dream, in which Constance seemed to be running away with a salesman, and he was calling her back.

The dream had lapsed into incoherence when a ringing noise woke him. Jeff lifted his head from his desk in time to see Jan walking out of the room, notebook in hand.

He called, "Jan!"

"Yes, Daddy?"

"What could you possibly find to write about a sleeping man?"

"When he talks in his sleep?" Jan said, and left the room.

"Jan!" Jeff called sternly, but the phone rang. It was Condeman, the real-estate man in Stardale.

"Thought I'd give you first crack at a property just come on the market," Condeman said.

"I have a property," Jeff said.

"People sometimes like to acquire some adjacent land. Might split the Pryor place, if the price was right."

"The Pryor place?" Jeff said. "You mean Constance is selling out?"

"She was just in here. Said the place hadn't lived up to her expectations. What did she expect?"

"I'm sure I have no idea, Condeman," Jeff said. "Good-bye."

"Your cow just went by the office, in case you're interested."

"What? Which way did she go?"

"That-a-way," Condeman said. He laughed immoderately and hung up.

Jeff found the cow down in the main street. He led her back home, his mind a mass of discontent.

"It wouldn't be quite so bad," Jeff said crossly, "if you had at least given us some milk."

The cow glared at him resentfully. Jeff locked her in the garage.

At dinner, Mrs. Blodgett said, "I hear she's leaving us."

"Not again," Jeff said. "I locked her in the garage."

"The lady next door, I'm referring to," Mrs. Blodgett said patiently.

"Yes, that's too bad, isn't it?"

"If you want my opinion, you got rocks in your head."

"Yeah, rocks," Jan said.

"Whose side are you on, anyway?"

Jeff said, "You don't ask for a human sacrifice, do you?" He smiled and paused, and Jan said abruptly, "I'm going out to see the cow."

It was shortly after this that Jeff and Mrs. Blodgett heard screams.

"Jan!" Jeff said and took off, Mrs. Blodgett close behind. They found Jan stretched out in front of the garage, yelling.

"Jan! Darling! What happened?"

Jeff said.

"It was clear enough. The garage door was open, the cow was gone. Jan had found herself in the path of an irresistible force."

Jeff picked her up carefully and carried her into the house. "Mrs. Blodgett, for heaven's sake, do something!" he said.

"What am I, Florence Nightingale?" Mrs. Blodgett asked.

"Where does it hurt?" Jeff said.

"Waaaaah!" Jan said. It was a piercing sound.

"Calm her, Mrs. Blodgett," Jeff said. "She's hysterical. I'm going for a doctor."

The last sounds he heard as he went through the door were Mrs. Blodgett saying, hopelessly, "Calm yourself, love," and Jan saying, "Waaaaah!" a little louder.

Jeff drove in frantic haste to the doctor's. He didn't remember much about the trip, later. At one point he thought he saw a huge black figure, like a cow, looming in front of his headlights, but when he opened his eyes again it was gone.

He broke up the doctor's bridge game, bundled him into his car and sped for home.

"If anything has happened, I will never forgive myself," Jeff said.

"You said that before," the doctor said. "That was your house we just passed."

An ominous silence was heavy in the house as Jeff and the doctor came through the front door. Mrs.

Blodgett greeted them in the lower hall.

"Jan," Jeff breathed. "Is she...?"

"Everything's under control," Mrs. Blodgett said. "She went upstairs to see her."

"The cow?" Jeff said wildly.

"The lady next door. I don't know how she done it."

Jan was resting quietly in Constance Pryor's arms when they came into the bedroom. Jan smiled at Jeff and said, "Isn't she kind?"

"Yes, indeed," Jeff said. "It was kind of you to come over, Constance."

"The doctor fussed over Jan for a minute, and said, 'This doesn't seem serious. Scared, mostly. I'll never hold another bridge hand like that. Never.'"

Constance was looking fixedly at Jeff. Jeff was thinking how wonderful they looked together. Jan and Constance.

"If you'll leave us alone a moment, I think we can get things fixed nicely," the doctor said.

"If you will just step into the next room, Jeff," Constance said sternly.

"If you think it's wise, Constance," Jeff said.

They stepped into the next room.

"Now, then," Constance said, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to change my mind, Jeff."

"Change your mind?"

"I have been reading some of Jan's diary. She is very thorough. Would you like to hear some of it?"

"Not particularly, Constance, but..."

"I quote, 'You are my only love, Constance. Marry me, marry me, marry me.' Three times. That is your subconscious speaking, of course."

"You can't always rely on what it says," Jeff said nervously. "You were wonderful with Jan, Constance. Like a mother."

"If I don't marry you, Jeff, you'd only end up a mass of complexes. Or I would. So I'm going to."

Jeff felt a sudden inner warmth, like syrup flowing over hot pan-fcakes.

"That's fine, Constance," he said. "That's just fine."

"Then hadn't you better kiss me?"

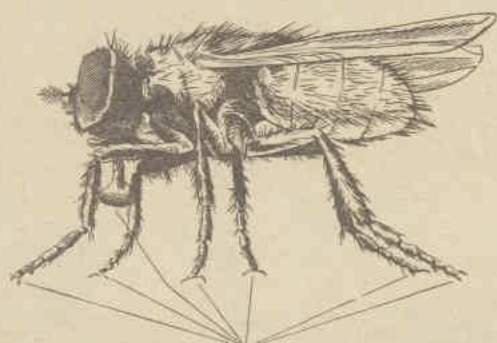
It was like the time in the woods, but with a character of permanence that made it more intoxicating. Jeff sat in a rosy haze.

He said, "I suppose this is the way it was always meant to be, darling."

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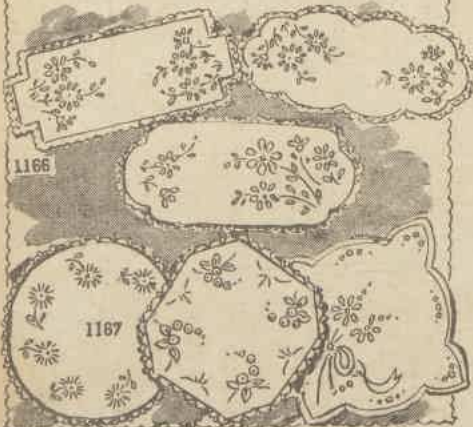
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INSTANTLY

Jonathan put the car in neutral and let it coast silently down a slight hill towards an unpromising-looking garage.

Kathy watched his face. "What do you suppose it is?" she said at length.

"It's in the gear box, I think."

"Is that bad?"
He kept his eyes on the road so that she wouldn't see the apprehension in them. "I don't think so," he said hallowly. "We'd better wait and see."

The mechanic at the garage, a laconic man, diagnosed the trouble after half an hour's tedious probing. Not too much of a job. You could repair the car, he ventured to say, in an hour or two. That is, you could repair it all right if you happened to have the necessary part.

Speaking for himself, he hadn't had one in stock for years, but—and here he looked rather knowing—he did happen to know that a friend of a friend of his in the same line of business in a nearby village had recently acquired a car of the same make to dismantle for repair purposes. And he thought with a little persuasion—and the necessary cash—he might be able to obtain the crucial part.

After some time had been wasted and energy expended in encouragement, the mechanic departed on his errand of mercy, and Kathy and Jonathan sat down on an empty oil drum in front of the garage to wait. Jonathan was already feeling an acute sense of apology. This was not a particularly spectacular beginning to his ambitious plans. Nobody's fault, of course, but all the same—

He took Kathy's hand. "I'm sorry about all this, Kathy," he said. "We'll have quite a wait, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said. "It's just bad luck."

Jonathan nodded quick agreement. "Anyway, everything will be fine when we get up to the cottage. We can have a glass of champagne and a good supper and forget about this mess."

She smiled up at him. "That sounds nice, darling," she said. "It's just what we'll want."

They sat for a time studying the black oil stains on the cement slab in front of the garage. Then Kathy looked up into the darkening sky and held out her hand tentatively, palm upwards.

Honeymoon Deferred

Continued from page 9

"I'm afraid it's starting to rain, Jonathan. We'd better go inside." And as she spoke, the first fat drops splashed on to the oilstains, glistering ominously.

Five hours and thirty-five minutes later, or eleven-fifty p.m., the car drew up before a small house set back from the road. On the gate a sign had been made of small pieces of wood nailed together which spelled out by the lights of the car 4 PINES.

There was not a light to be seen in any direction.

The rain, which had become a deluge, had been an almost impenetrable sheet of water since its beginning. The ground underfoot, as Jonathan guided Kathy to the door of the cottage, was of the texture of uncooked pudding, but at last they reached the shelter.

Jonathan studied his bride tenderly in the gloom. Her new grey travelling suit was drenched through and hung despondently about her; her lovely fair hair, so recently dressed in gentle, shining waves, lay limp and miserable on her shoulders; down the bridge of her exquisite straight nose two drops of rain slowly descended and presently dropped to the ground. She smiled at him moistly.

Jonathan again felt the urgent sense of apology rising up inside him. "Poor Kathy," he said rather meaninglessly. "Now at last we're through with all this nonsense. In five minutes I'll have a fire going and you can change, and we'll have a good supper."

He took the key of Four Pines from his pocket and started to unlock the door, but it swung open independently at his touch. Mr. Kedge had apparently left it unlocked for them earlier.

Jonathan reached round the door and snapped the light switch on the wall. Nothing happened. He snapped it up and down several times unbelievably, but within there persisted only blackness. "The storm must have blown down the wires," he muttered doubtfully.

He entered the cottage, Kathy clinging to his arm, and flashed his torch round the room. It was the sort of room to which the word "rustic" is loosely applied.

It contained a great brick fire-

place, two windows, window seat, five chairs, a table and a standard lamp, looking strangely out of place. Each of these objects was gently filmed with dust. In the kitchen and in both bedrooms it was the same.

"It did say Four Pines out there, didn't it, Kathy?" Jonathan said unsteadily.

Kathy nodded.

"That's what I thought it said." For a moment Jonathan could not trust himself to speak. A bitter and violent despair overwhelmed him. His care, his planning, all his precious hope to please Kathy had turned to ashes. "There is a man," he said ominously, "named Kedge."

"Who is he, Jonathan?"

"He is the only man in the world, Kathy, whom I could assassinate, tear into little pieces with my bare hands, and sing for joy while I was doing it!"

JONATHAN took a long, deep sigh.

"Kathy, darling," he said, "I'm not quite such an incompetent bonehead as I seem at the moment. The place wasn't supposed to look like this. But it does, and I'm desperately sorry. It's too late to assassinate Kedge to-night. I'll try to patch things up. It won't be much good, not what I'd planned, but I saw a paraffin lamp in the kitchen and there's some wood. We can get through the night somehow, I suppose. I'm sorry, Kathy."

Kathy squeezed his arm and managed to smile convincingly. "There's nothing to be sorry about, darling," she said. "It's just bad luck. It isn't such a bad little cottage, really. It could be quite nice."

Feetingly across Jonathan's consciousness drifted a vision of the house in Scotland with its faithful retainers. It was what Kathy might have had for her honeymoon if it hadn't been for his high-sounding claims of independence.

He looked about him grimly; grimly he made himself a promise.

"I'll make the place work!" he said to himself. "I'll make it decent and comfortable and pleasant if I have to build it all over again with my bare hands. I promised Kathy a lovely honeymoon and, by all that's holy, she's going to have one!" He strode into the kitchen and came

back with a lighted lamp. He handed it to Kathy.

"You'd better go into the bedroom and change, Kathy," he said. "You're shivering."

When she had gone Jonathan set about laying a fire by the light of his torch. It had begun to catch by the time Kathy returned, wearing now a charming housecoat which contrasted ludicrously with the bleak surroundings. She crouched beside him at the fire, resting her hand on his arm and smiling. "That looks lovely," she said.

"It's a start," Jonathan rose. "You stay here and get warmed. Kathy, I'm going to see what I can do about the lights and some food and some other things that are wrong in this place. I'll try to be quick."

In the kitchen Jonathan had just tracked down the fuse box in an unlikely cupboard when he heard Kathy coughing violently. He slammed the cupboard door shut and ran. In the other room his first impression was that the house was on fire. Then Kathy, whom he could see only dimly through the haze, pointed to the fireplace.

"I think . . ." she coughed, " . . . think something is . . . the matter with it."

This was a cautious statement, for the fireplace was positively belching smoke into the room. Jonathan attacked it furiously, kicking the logs about the hearth, finally throwing a bucket of water on it, and at last it was out. But the smoke was not; the room was full of it. Jonathan hurried Kathy into the kitchen and banged the door shut.

They stood together in the comparative clarity of atmosphere, panting, tears streaming from their stinging eyes.

"It's all right," Jonathan said, when he could talk. "There's something stuffed in the chimney. I'll get it out, but I'm afraid you'll have to stay in here for a while until the other room airs out, Kathy."

Crooping blindly up the flue, Jonathan could find nothing more concrete than an approximate sackful of soot, which he dislodged and which filtered down on top of him like black snow. He stamped out of the front door and, heedless of the dismal downpour, began to clamber up the rainpipe to the roof.

THE obstruction to the chimney's normal function was clear enough to Jonathan once he had reached it. Someone, plainly eccentric, had seen fit to stuff a pillow down the chimney from the top, completely blocking the flue.

Jonathan snorted furiously and hurled the pillow into the farthest recesses of the night. The frenzy of the movement, however, was too much for his precarious balance on the slippery roof, and he began to skid down the tiles.

He went slowly at first, then, gathering momentum, faster and faster until at last he shot out across the overhanging eaves.

Jonathan rose unsteadily and was met at the door of the cottage by Kathy. The combination of soot, rain and mud had altered him so alarmingly that Kathy was unable to repress a slight shriek.

"Are you . . ." she began tentatively. "Is . . . everything . . .?"

"I'm fine. The fireplace ought to work now," Jonathan interrupted stoutly. They entered the cottage, and a few minutes later he stood back from the fire.

"There," he said. "Now you can at least get your things dry. I'll go . . ." He stopped short and pointed a finger which was not altogether steady. "What's that? Those?"

The objects referred to were an irregular parade of saucepans of varying sizes which zig-zagged across the sitting-room floor.

"Those?" said Kathy, as though she had only just noticed them. "Oh, they're just some saucepans I put there. They're all right. They're just catching a teeny leak."

"Tiny!" shouted Jonathan, a fresh note of anguish in his voice. "It looks like Niagara Falls." He crossed the room to Kathy and put his arm round her. "Poor Kathy," he said, "my poor Kathy! Sit here by the fire. Keep as warm as you can. I'm going out again."

"Out!" Kathy looked alarmed. "Just for a minute. I won't be long." And before Kathy could protest further, he had closed the door behind him.

Outside he sloshed his way to the car, seized his old mackintosh from the boot, and sloshed back to the cottage, where he began for the second time the perilous ascent to the roof.

Please turn to page 36

LETTERS are still pouring in from happy VELVET SOAP users...

says AUNT JENNY

Don't miss reading these interesting real-life stories—letters to Aunt Jenny from folk who have really proved Velvet Soap makes clothes last longer.

(★Original letters on our files.)

"I'M 75 and still do my own washings," writes Mrs. Ford, of 3 Mallen Street, Hilton, S.A. "Over the years I've found that Velvet Soap makes washday much easier—and just look at my whites! They've lasted for ages and I'm always proud of their good colour."

"THIS LITTLE BABY DRESS IS 24 YEARS OLD," says Mrs. M. Beech, 6 Leichhardt Street, Katoomba, N.S.W. "It was worn by my children, and has now been passed on to my grandchildren. We've never washed it with anything but gentle Velvet Soap—I'm sure that's why it's lasted so well."



"THESE ARE MY THREE LITTLE GIRLS," writes Mrs. E. Shipway, 8 Wintred Avenue, Black Forest, S.A. "And they make a lot of washing, with clean clothes every day. My mother put me on to Velvet 10 years ago, and I've proved those gentle suds make clothes last years longer. Why, that 7-year-old frock Baby Helen is wearing was outgrown by both her sisters."

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with starchy, inferior lather. And look how those wearily-washed suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soft suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



Tune in every morning Mon. to Thurs.
"Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"

V.121.W.988

HOW TO EAT SPAGHETTI



SPAGHETTI PROFESSOR. Carlo Badolli looks on while his Australian guest proceeds to get herself all tied up

Opera singer's favorite recipe

SINCE the Italian Opera Company has been in Australia lots of people have tried eating Italian-style spaghetti. When basso-comico Carlo Badolli took pretty Dorothea Jones, Victorian-born member of the chorus, along to the Normandie in Sydney for her first spaghetti lunch, our photographer went, too, and recorded what happened.

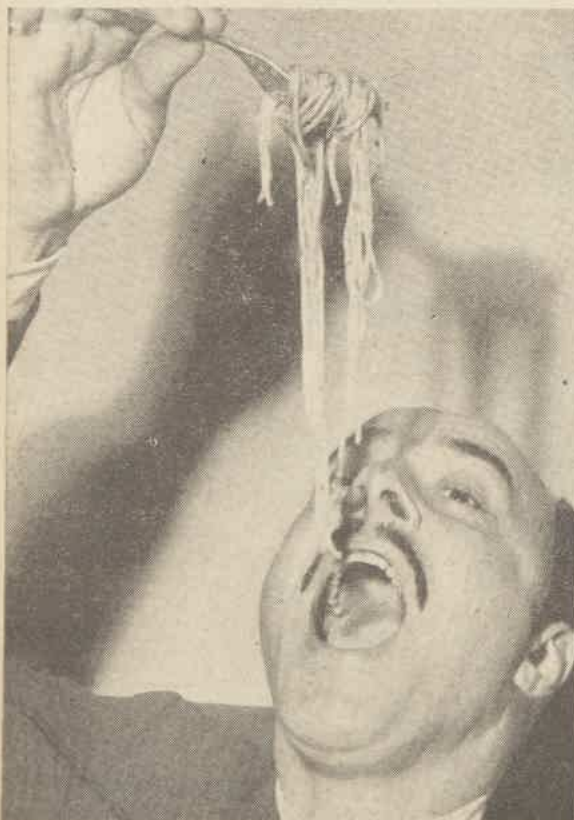
Carlo Badolli, the Company's renowned spaghetti cook, gave us his favorite recipe. It serves two.

Mince celery, carrots, and onions and cook in three tablespoons of oil. When a light brown add 1 1/2 lb. mixed minced meat and bacon. Roil for three minutes. Add three cooked, sieved tomatoes, or three teaspoons tomato sauce broken down with a little water. Salt the whole and simmer for about two hours.

Place a pound of spaghetti in already boiling water, boil briskly for 10 minutes. Drain spaghetti, add sauce, serve.



SPAGHETTI-HAPPY, and she hasn't even taken a mouthful. That's the way it goes when most Australians try to eat spaghetti for the first time. Dorothea's got herself in a spot and doesn't know what to do about it "I show you," Carlo says, with fork poised, "watch."



SPAGHETTI CLOWN. Yes, that's you if you try to eat like this, fork above head, mouth gaping, spaghetti trailing. It's untidy, silly, unnecessary, our opera-singer professor says.



SMOOTH OPERATOR in action. No antics, no fuss; spaghetti tidily wound round fork. This is the proper way to eat spaghetti, signor, signora. It's easy when you know how. Wind the spaghetti slowly.



ONE. Thoroughly mix spaghetti in the sauce so that each strand is well coated



TWO. This is the forkload you'll eat. Let broken pieces fall free, holding fork firmly.



THREE. Press fork against side of plate and begin to twirl. This is the proper way to eat spaghetti, signor, signora. It's easy when you know how. Wind the spaghetti slowly.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTIAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls is given to them by a pirate leader, and they sail ahead to meet the dreaded Burning Waters. On board the

Argos the crew is sceptical about the pirate's story, but the Argos keeps on its course. At dusk, as Mandrake is leaning over the rail, he sees on the far horizon a bright glow. As the Argos sails nearer the air and water temperatures rise until savage tongues of flame can be seen shooting from the ocean. NOW READ ON:

"IT IS CERTAINLY NO MIRAGE! THEY CAN FEEL THE INTENSE HEAT AND HEAR THE ROAR OF THE MIGHTY FLAMES! BURNING WATER? IMPOSSIBLE!" CRIES BARTON. --YET, THERE IT IS.



"PERHAPS, BEYOND THAT WALL OF FIRE, ARE THE FLAMING PEARLS," SAYS MANDRAKE THOUGHTFULLY. --BARTON SHAKES HIS HEAD. "I'VE GIVEN UP THE HOPE OF EVER FINDING THEM," HE SAYS. "BESIDES, HOW COULD WE PASS THROUGH THOSE FLAMES?"



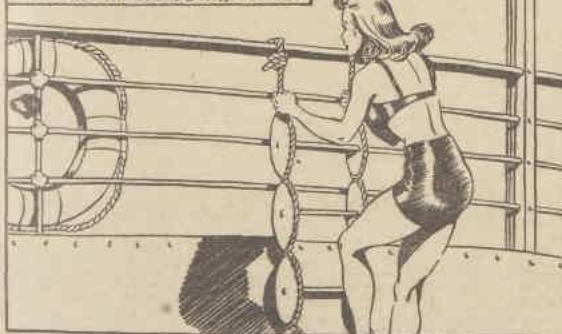
"WE DON'T KNOW HOW FAR THE FLAMES EXTEND, BUT WE CAN TAKE A CHANCE," SAYS MANDRAKE. UNDER HIS DIRECTION, THE SPEEDBOAT IS COVERED WITH A METAL SHIELD.



"IF WE DON'T FIND THE FLAME PEARLS NOW, WE'RE GOING HOME," DECLARES BARTON. --BETTY WANTS TO GO THROUGH THE FLAMES WITH THEM. BARTON REFUSES. "WE'RE SILLY ENOUGH TO RISK OUR OWN LIVES. I WON'T RISK YOURS!"



BUT BETTY IS DETERMINED TO GO. WHILE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE, SHE STEALS INTO THE SPEEDBOAT, UNSEEN.



"HOW CAN WATER BURN?" DEMANDS BARTON FOR THE TENTH TIME. --WE'LL SOON KNOW," REPLIES MANDRAKE. --"FRANKLY, I'M SCARED," BARTON CONTINUES. "THANK GOODNESS BETTY WON'T BE WITH US!" --AND BETTY HIDDEN UNDER A PILE OF CANVAS, SMILES.



"THE FLAMES MAY GO ON FOR MILES--WE MAY NEVER GET THROUGH THEM--WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE," CRIES BARTON, AS THE SPEEDBOAT RACES INTO THE WALL OF FIRE!



TO BE CONTINUED

News from the studios

By cable from BILL STRUTON in London

PHYLLIS CALVERT is back from Italy, where she has just finished making "The Golden Madonna."

She tells me she will make a British film before she goes off on her annual sojourn in Hollywood.

Her Italian film is a comedy about an English schoolmistress' adventures with Italian block-marketters and it is her gayest role since "Kipps."

Phyllis' next English film, "Happy Now I Go," is a drama with a part which might have been tailor-made for James Mason.

She wrote to Jimmie suggesting that they might renew their "Man in Grey" partnership, but he answered that with Hollywood commitments he could not accept the part.

DAVID NIVEN, looking rather like a tropical bird in his exotic wardrobe for "The Scarlet Pimpernel," is surrounded at Elstree by 16 of London's loveliest mannequins.

One of them is Tania Pitt, daughter of Princess Vera Galitzine. She wears all her own family heirlooms in the film.

Director Michael Powell chose the girls for their lovely figures and ability to wear eighteenth-century costumes with grace.

IN Denham studio I met former Sydney model Patti Morgan, who has followed the current fashion and cut her long, fair hair very short.

Patti is nonchalant about the loss of her film contract.

Premier Productions is not renewing its contracts, and as each comes up for annual review another star or starlet is looking elsewhere for work.

"I had good luck when I first arrived, and walked straight into films," said Patti.

"Ever since then I've seen how some girls have to struggle for work. At present I am doing a small part in "The Perfect Woman."

JAMES MASON'S next Hollywood film will be called "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

M.G.M. has promised to give him glamorous Ava Gardner as his leading lady.

STUDIO people raise their eyebrows a little at the determination of young French film actress Danielle Godet. Between "takes" of her film she skips away to a disused studio and starts pounding away at her piano practice.

She dreams of being able to perform as a professional pianist.

PATRICIA MEDINA, Richard Greene's lovely dark-haired actress wife, has just returned to England after three months filming in Italy for "Children of Chance."

At the same time Richard was on location at Capri, but communication was so difficult that the Greens met only twice.

Richard was back in London first, and he had a celebration party for his wife when she arrived at their new flat near Park Lane.

TOM WALLS rang up producer Herbert Wilcox to ask why Wilcox had not given him a part in the new comedy "Maytime in Mayfair," starring Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding.

Wilcox explained that they had already started shooting the film. "I can't help that," said veteran Tom. "I've got to be in that film even if I only walk on. You can do what you like about money and credit titles."

Under Tom's pressure Wilcox sat down and wrote in a part for his friend, and Tom will appear briefly as a police sergeant at Savile Row station.

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Anna Neagle takes a chance with newest film

Unsympathetic role may bring fans' disapproval

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Anna Neagle's role in "Elizabeth of Ladymead" shows the determination of British studios to give their films a new twist.

IN more pictures than most stars would care to recall, Anna has been the epitome of feminine grace, charm, and impeccability.

Now for a large slice of her newest vehicle she plays an immoral and bluntly unpleasant wife—one of a series of four characterisations.

This is a courageous thing to do, when the great success of her gay comedy, "Spring in Park Lane," with Michael Wilding, which topped all box-office takings in 1943, must have tempted Anna and her producer-husband, Herbert Wilcox, to repeat the mixture.

Anna herself is not at all sure how her fans will take her plunge into the part of a worthless wife.

"Elizabeth of Ladymead" has special interest for women picture-goers, as it traces the changed status of woman since the Victorian era.

In a series of flashbacks into history Anna plays in turn four young wives waiting for their husbands to return home from a war.

In each episode—after the Crimean War, the Boer War, World War I, and World War II—the husband comes home expecting to find the girl he left.

As wife of the Crimean soldier Anna is the typical woman of the period, who vainly uses all her wiles to keep her husband at home when he comes back from the war.

As a Victorian wife she is denied any place in her husband's life,

except her domestic position of running the house, handling the servants, and keeping in the background.

In a reflection of the gradual social changes, the Boer War shows her as a woman of a much more determined type. She runs her husband's farm while he is away, caring little for the frowns of conservative people.

It is on her third characterisation that Anna confesses she and her producer-husband had many discussions.

"I play a woman who was only too common in the roaring 'twenties," she said.

"She is a type which unfortunately was part of our social system in the jazz era, when most people sought to escape from reality.

"She was responsible for a great deal of unhappiness and tragedy,

"It would not have been fair to author Frank Harvey if I had said I couldn't play this loose-living haridan of the 'twenties, unless he re-wrote the part to give it some redeeming qualities," Anna said.

"So we decided, I very apprehensively, that we would pull no punches."

Studio workers were a bit puzzled to find the Boer War Anna, a gracious, sweet, though very determined farmer's wife, abruptly transformed on the set into a blousy, over-painted flatterer, with a shrill cackle and an abusive tongue.

"One of the workers stopped sawing, raised his eyebrows at me significantly, and gave a whistle," said the star.

But we are apt to forget that this is not the first wicked lady part the ageless Anna has played, although these are far away in the past.

There was Nell Gwyn, and there was the bad girl of "The Yellow Canary."

Once Anna had "got into" her first sequences of her current role, she told me she thoroughly enjoyed playing it.

Herbert Wilcox scorns the possibility that this sequence may antagonise those fans who like Anna for the gentle serenity of her normal screen personality.

"The important thing is not so much whether my wife should play this role, but whether she plays it well," he said.

"I think it is both stupid and unfair to type-cast an actress.



ANNA NEAGLE and Hugh Williams in a 1947 scene from Anna's newest film, "Elizabeth of Ladymead." The story covers a period of four wars, and Anna plays four roles, including one of a worthless adventuress.

"We have taken many chances before. Anna was playing light comedies and musicals when she got

the opportunity to play Queen Victoria, and it gave her the greatest triumph of her career."

The modern wife, the girl who waits for her soldier to come back from World War II, is Anna's favorite of the four in her present film.

"I know that there have been unpleasant and unhappy reunions after this war, as there always are after any war.

"But here I am a wife looking forward longingly to my husband's return.

"I am ambitious for him and like most women, anxious for him to amount to something.

"I surprise him, too, because I am not the girl he left behind, as my own war experiences have changed me, too."

To help Anna in her preference for this part of the role there is suave, charming Hugh Williams.

He is the demobbed man who wants to sit back in slippers and eat, but reckons without mildness and her wisdom.

For those who want Anna Neagle unchanged, there will be just a short wait until her following film, "Maytime in Mayfair."

Once again Anna and Michael Wilding will be teamed in a romantic comedy.

Late news from the studios

By a Hollywood correspondent

GREER GARSON recently entertained Agnes Moorehead at her home at Pebble Beach, with the result that they are collaborating on a screen play.

The two actresses say that the plot is based on a mutually favorite historical period and characters. Greer and Agnes now are meeting once a week to work on the development of their work.

They plan to play the top feminine roles.

SUCCESSFUL actors who helped Richard Conte get his first big break in New York ten years ago set an example which Conte now is following.

Through his recommendation, twenty-two-year-old actress Wesley Ward has been given a scholarship in the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City, where Conte, Gregory Peck, and Betty Garrett once were scholarship winners.

A romantic angle to this story is that Conte introduced Wesley to his brother-in-law, and the young couple were married recently in New York.

VICTOR MATURE is nursing a bad burn on his left arm, received while he was trying to repair his kitchen stove.

Brawny Victor's confidence in his ability as an engineer has been shaken, as the stove remained un-mended and its owner had to seek medical aid for his arm.

ANNE BAXTER and her husband, John Hodiak, are collaborating on a story idea together. The only information which Anne will supply is that it is a mystery comedy.

ONE of the most interesting characters in English literature, that of misunderstood Jolyon Parsyete, will be brought to the screen by Walter Pidgeon in M.G.M.'s "The Forsyte Saga."

The new technicolor film teams Pidgeon with Greer Garson in a gentle love story set in fashionable 1880 London.

The role is in marked contrast with Pidgeon's recent starring performances in the comedy "Julia Misbehaves" and the dramatic "Command Decision."

BETTY GRABLE and Harry James have sold their lovely English type of home with its adjoining land because the family has outgrown the house.

They have arranged to rent a home in Beverly Hills until they can buy another suitable one.

COLLEEN TOWNSEND got some good news recently. After two months as a blonde, the nineteen-

year-old Fox starlet was given permission to dye her hair back to its natural brunette color.

"I expected to get used to being a blonde, but right up till the day I was allowed to change back again I disliked myself with fair hair," she said.

Colleen became a blonde for her top supporting role in "Chicken Every Sunday" as the daughter of Dan Dailey and Celeste Holm, both of whom have light hair.

GENE AUTRY has gone into another new business. A clothing store in Phoenix (Arizona) now boasts the name, "Gene Autry Branding Iron."

The cowboy owner says that the store is stocked with a complete line of Western outfits.

OLGA SAN JUAN and Edmund O'Brien, who were married last year, have announced that they expect a baby next July.



EDMUND GWENN (Twentieth Century-Fox) relaxes at his home with his dachshund. A bachelor and one of Hollywood's most popular actors, veteran Gwenn may receive Academy Award nomination for his acting in the romantic comedy "Apartment For Peggy," which stars Jeanne Crain and William Holden.



LUCILLE BALL (Paramount) shows one of America's latest fashions—the woollen shawl—as she looks at the array of notices pinned on her dressing-room before she begins work as co-star with Bob Hope in "Sorrowful Jones." Lucille and her husband, Desi Arnaz, will go to England early this year to appear at the London Palladium.



AUDREY TOTTER began her film career with an M.G.M. contract in 1944. Born in the United States to an Austrian father and a Swedish mother, she began to study dramatic art while in her early teens. After some stage experience with a touring company she

received a radio contract and was known as The Girl With a Hundred Voices because of her talent with accents and dialects. She has played in many film dramas, and at present is preparing for her role opposite Peter Lawford in M.G.M.'s "Storm Over Vienna."

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 15, 1949

Page 33



Smoke **BLACK & WHITE** Virginia Cigarettes. There's mellow smoothness in every draw.



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never
looks
back



Wear Plaza nylons with the seam corrector and never look back again to check your stocking seams. A little mark in the weave above the knee tells you at once if they are straight. Wear it in the centre front then you can be certain that your seams are correct at the back. Superbly fashioned, and triple-tested for faults, these exciting nylon sheers are obtainable in the principal stores.

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Steel Worker Restored to Health. "I am a steel worker," says Mr. F.R., of Glebe, Sydney,

"and at present working very long hours. I lost over 2 stone in 6 months and my nerves were in a terrible state, but I tried taking 'Bidomak' and I must say that after taking only two bottles I am a new man, and I have managed to put myself in the best of condition."

If anyone in your family is run down, nervy and upset, give pleasant to take "BIDOMAK" to all chemists and stores.

The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

For Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed Feeling."



1 IMPERSONATION of Schuyler Tatlock, eccentric missing heir to big estate, is planned by his crafty guardian Noonan (Barry Fitzgerald) and film stunt player Burke (John Lund).



2 GREEDY RELATIVES, with exception of Nancy Tatlock (Wanda Hendrix), are horrified to hear that "Schuyler" is coming home; they hoped he was dead.

Miss TATLOCK'S MILLIONS

PARAMOUNT bought the Broadway farce, "Oh, Brother," by Jacques Deval, and the screen play was written by Charles Brackett and Richard Breen.

The result is a crazy comedy about the scramble which ensues when the vast Tatlock fortune is inadvertently bequeathed to a hopelessly eccentric grandson.

Richard Haydn, the English stage and screen character actor, took over the role of director for the first time.

The cast includes Ilka Chase, Robert Stack, Elizabeth Patterson, and Lief Erickson.



3 JEALOUS of Nancy's alleged brother, in spite of his oddness, Nicky (Robert Stack) hopes finally to marry Nancy.



4 QUARREL starts between scheming Miles Tatlock (Monty Woolley) and Nicky over future division of money.



5 PUZZLED at the unusually normal behaviour of "Schuyler," Nancy is delighted to look after him when he is injured during a display of acrobatics. Burke decides to abandon impersonation.



6 ARRIVAL of real Schuyler, with Hawaiian wife and two children, settles situation to dismay of grasping family, but Burke and Nancy find romance.

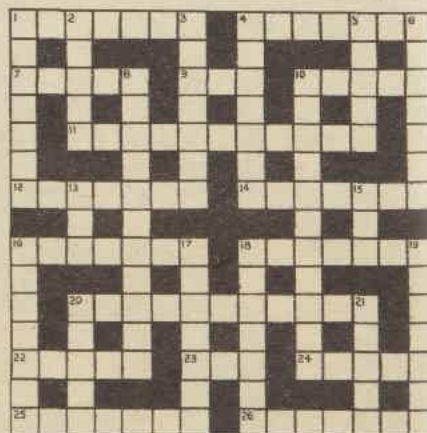
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 24

DOWN

- Its horns upset me "nat," mum! (7).
- Describes a singer's satisfactory form when selling the goods? (7).
- Uncertain against fever (5).
- The important thing to do when dining in a theatre (3).
- Intended to make me an insect (5).
- Of necessity a fellow gets amongst it which is an achievement (11).
- Mixed pest. It's all in the letter (7).
- How to blacken a woman and also be the one to humiliate her! (7).
- When soft and weak I'd back a calf first, one (7).
- Went to bed weary in shade of port (7).
- Son felled us (anagram) (11).
- She will start necromancy and when she finishes it ... (5).
- ... she may shortly be called anyway (3).
- The leaves that upset a late Queen's tea-party? (5).
- Violent anger in the finish made us furious (7).
- Hang, we must turn and pay out money! (7).

ACROSS

- A plunge in which a whale surely must be courting trouble with his Mrs? (7).
- Help get (3, 2).
- You and I must enter as our 'ouse is so terrible (7).
- Panama is an example of the land to change this sum (7).
- I am taking a long time fashioning the statue (5).
- As one who tempts one to see inside come in (7).
- A lily carter (anagram) (11).
- Go over the street even, to gather in the fellow's fruit (11).
- Girl who appears in the Mides manuscript (3).
- Makes a woman possessive (3).
- To furnish the money is upsetting if 23 across is diminutive (7).
- When fed up dine in a mess and everything is explained (7).
- Pronouncements of an authority indicate that nothing should be reversed in the matter of floor mats (7).
- Throw out the gramophone record and have one for the road! (7).
- A Spaniard or a giver (3).
- To burn the surface contents if the car's in gear (5).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 20

ACROSS: 1—Evicted (anag.), 4—M/1/s-laid idial turned, 8—Spa, 10—S/eg-reg-a-t/on, 11—Naval engagement, 13—Act (anag.), 15—84-rigs, 16—Arable (anag.), 18—Ebb, 21—Cat-on as catch can, 22—Bridal suite, 24—Obl, 25—Reports (St. Roper turned), 26—Mis/u/sed.

DOWN: 1—Ess-ence, 2—In/adver/ent, 3—Cast-le/a in/ t-hs a/l/t, 5—Stage characters (anag.), 6—All, 7—De/not ed, 8—Fragile (cigar turned), 12—Extinctious, 13—Age, 14—Tab (not turned), 17—Ni-co-har, 19—Back up, 20—Man-kind, 23—Imp

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And the girls
used to call him
"Handsome"

Honeymoon Deferred

Continued from page 29

JONATHAN attacked the roof like an enemy, with a grim and heedless fury. The stinging rain beat at his face, the wind wrenched mercilessly at his clothes, but Jonathan did not even look up from his work.

On hands and knees, he clambered over the drenched tiles, and whenever a dim shaft of light pierced the surface he ripped and sawed with his pocket-knife at the mackintosh until he had a properly shaped strip of the material to insert under the offending tile.

As he worked, Jonathan tortured himself by reciting to himself the details of his spectacular inefficiency, and when he thought of Kathy in the dank and cheerless room below there was in him a physical pain.

When at last no more pinpricks of light could be seen between the tiles, and the supply of mackintosh was nearly exhausted, Jonathan made his descent.

In the cottage he saw Kathy seated cross-legged before the fire. She was staring into its flames with pensive, unseeing eyes, and combing out her fair hair so that it fell, partly across her face. Her movements, her attitude, the whole line of her body expressed profound sadness.

"The roof's all right now," he said bleakly. He watched Kathy nod her head wordlessly, then hurried into the kitchen.

Examining the fuse-box, he saw that all but one of the fuses were in working order. This he mended with wire which was in the box, and happily switched on. Miraculously, the lights came on. Jonathan didn't even bother to look at them. He went straight into the bathroom, where he turned his attention to the geyser over the bath.

The instructions for lighting it had long since become illegible, but after some examination Jonathan turned a likely looking valve as far as it would go, and lighted a match. The followed, instantaneously, a terrifying explosion.

Kathy's wild outcry from the other room did not cause Jonathan to hesitate. He walked directly to the bath, turned on the water and held his hand under it. After a few seconds it began to run warm. Kathy stood in the doorway. He smiled at her weakly.

"The hot water's on," he said. Kathy surveyed her husband of half a day in appalled silence, her eyes enormous. He looked like a single, providentially preserved survivor of a front-page marine disaster.

There was no part of him or of his clothes that wasn't wholly saturated with water; his hands and face were smeared with mud and soot in approximately equal parts; there was a gaping rent in the sleeve of his coat and another at his knee, and his right eyebrow, ordinarily black, had been singed in his recent encounter with the geyser to the color of toast.

As she looked at him Kathy's lip began to tremble.

Jonathan surveyed himself sourly. "Some bridegroom," he said. "Some honeymoon cottage. Some honeymoon. Well, I'll have to get out of these clothes and get rid of some soot. Won't be long."

He hurried through a sketchy bath and change, and as he came back into the living-room, Kathy, despite every effort, began to sob.

"I know, Kathy," Jonathan said. "You deserve a good cry. Go ahead." He moved towards her comfortingly. "Poor darling," he said, "cry yourself out. I don't blame you. I've managed to make a mess of everything, and I've never been so sorry for anything in my life."

Kathy began to cry in earnest. "I've let you down the very first chance I've had," Jonathan went on bitterly. "You're perfectly right to think I'm a flop."

"Flop!" she cried. Then she flung herself against him, clinging to him with her arms about his neck, her

soft cheek pressed against his, a jumble of words pouring out of her. "Don't say that, don't, don't ever say it! Dear, darling Jonathan, you're the best husband anybody ever had, ever. Nobody ever had such a beautiful honeymoon!"

"What?" said Jonathan, vaguely.

Kathy went on passionately: "You did it all for me. Think of it! For me! Just because you wanted me to have a nice honeymoon. You . . . you went up on the roof . . . in the rain . . . twice . . . and you mended the lights and the fire . . . and you fell in the mud . . . and that horrible geyser blew up in your face . . . And you did it because you didn't want me to be disappointed. Oh, Jonathan. It was wonderful! Everybody should have a honeymoon like this!"

Jonathan held his wife to him for a long time, and after a while the bewilderment in his face dissolved and he smiled a little. "I doubt, Kathy," he said presently, "whether honeymoons like this one will ever be really popular."

He began to stroke Kathy's pale hair, when his attention was drawn to the door. They both turned to see a middle-aged man in a mackintosh levelling a double-barrelled gun.

"Don't move," the man said. "If you do, I'll shoot."

Nothing can so poignantly evoke the flavor of the receding past as some remembered tune, some melody that has caught up and woven into its own unconscious fabric the very color and fragrance of a day gone by.
—Alexander Woolcott.

"Before you shoot us on sight," said Jonathan carefully, thrusting his hands into his pockets in an attempt at disarming casualness, "there's just one question I'd like to ask you. Your name wouldn't by any chance be Kedge, would it?"

"Kedge?" said the stranger. "No, it isn't Kedge. Name's Miller. Kedge is at Four Pines, and if you think

"Four Pines!" Jonathan interrupted. "Where are we now?"

"This here's my cottage, Fourteen Pines," said Mr. Miller. "Been closed up for about six months."

"But," continued Jonathan a little unsteadily, "it says Four Pines on the gate."

"I know. The 'one' fell off," Mr. Miller said. "But that ain't the point. You broke into my cottage and you . . . Here!" A sudden brilliance seemed to illumine his face. "You ain't that honeymoon couple, are you?"

Together they nodded mutely.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Mr. Miller, who seemed suddenly to be hugely amused. "If that ain't the limit, Kedge has been sickin' up Four Pines fit to kill for close on three weeks. Prettiest cottage for miles." To the intense relief of Kathy and Jonathan Mr. Miller lowered his gun.

"Wait till they hear about this down in the village. And Kedge's prepared a proper dinner for you two. Roast chicken and champagne and I don't know what he ain't got." Mr. Miller began to shake with helpless laughter.

A few minutes later they stood at the door, ready to leave. Kathy looked round her at the house which Jonathan's devotion had caused to function for her, and she smiled a little wistfully. Jonathan watched her for a moment, then lifted her in his arms.

"Hey!" said Mr. Miller. "That isn't right. You're supposed to carry your bride into the house."

"In this case, Mr. Miller," said Jonathan, "the symbolism will have to be reversed. By accident, your cottage turned out to be our first home. It wasn't when we came in, but it is now, and I want to carry my bride across the threshold."

"All right," said Mr. Miller dubiously. He glanced meditatively at the ceiling. "Thanks for mending the roof."

"There will be," Jonathan said pleasantly, "no charge."

And he carried his bride across the threshold of their first home out into the rain.

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Teeth lost through a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

It's at the gum line that many tooth tragedies begin. Gums start to feel sore, soft, inflamed and quite soon a tooth may have to be extracted. Help save teeth by guarding gums with S.R. Toothpaste.

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S.R. TOOTH PASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTH PASTE

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

As well as renovating last season's frocks, or those of the season before, readers are now planning renovations for current fashions, which lend themselves admirably to alterations.

CONVERTING a ballerina dress to a more formal type was the problem posed by one reader, and as it is one that is likely to be shared by others I have had a sketch of the alteration made.

Smart renovation

"YOUR advice would be much appreciated on converting a plaid taffeta ballerina-length frock into one suitable for a formal dance. At present the frock has a fitted bodice coming to a peak in front, short sleeves, and a gathered skirt."

First cut off the bodice-top and sleeves of your dress to just above the bustline shape it down slightly lower at the back than the front. Next, finish the bodice with the narrowest possible self shoulder-straps. Be sure to adjust the straps carefully, so the bodice is kept firmly in place. To lengthen the skirt, use white organdie cut in pyramid sections; the length of the sections will depend on the present length of the skirt. Finished, the skirt should touch the floor all round. Lastly, repeat the organdie for a large-sized bow perched on the dress just below the left shoulder.

Smooth seams

"WOULD you please help me with a seam problem? The skirt of a crepe satin frock I am making is in four pieces, cut on the cross, and I'm having trouble with the seams. I

tacked tissue paper along them to the correct length, but they have puckered. How could I correct this fault?"

The seams are puckered because the tissue paper is preventing the machine from taking the material easily as it stitches. For seaming material cut on the cross, it is necessary to allow a certain amount of leeway as you machine. The best thing for you to do is to unpick the seams, remove the tissue paper, and re-tack. Then if you machine the seams in the method described, they should be perfectly smooth.

Shantung gown

"DO you think I could use some white shantung to make a summer dressing-gown for a trousseau? It's a beautiful piece of material brought to me from Japan."

White shantung made like a man's robe would be charming for a summer dressing-gown. Give the gown sloping shoulders, a widely wrapped skirt, and finish it at the waistline with a self tie sash. For extra glamor, finish the sash with heavy silk fringe.

Dirndl skirt

"MY figure is a great problem because I have large hips, yet my waist is quite small. I am wanting to make an all-round-gathered skirt, but feel perhaps it is not the right design for me to wear. Would you advise me?"

You can wear an all-round-gathered skirt without a worry. A full dirndl-type of skirt must spring from a small waistline, so it will be quite perfect for your figure. Furthermore, the all-round gathering will be good camouflage for your hips.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A figure fault

"I AM in my early fifties and have developed over the past year a distressing and embarrassing figure fault—a large abdomen. I don't, of course, want to wear the 'new look,' but I would like some ideas on how to disguise this disfigurement because it makes me feel so self-conscious."

Your figure problem is one common to women in their early fifties, but, fortunately, it is one that can be disguised to some extent. Furthermore, I'm sure that if you study your figure carefully you will find it has good points as well as the fault you find embarrassing. Learn to select designs that emphasise and flatter those good points and minimise the not-so-good. Avoid tight-fitting clothes, narrow skirts, and double-breasted styles. A skirt with front drapery or fullness will be the best camouflage for your type of figure.

Twenty-one soon

"I WILL be 21 in February, and as my parents are giving me a party, dress informal. I would like you to tell me the type of frock I should wear. I want to look extra nice, and, of course, want the dress to be useful afterwards."

You do not say what time of day your birthday party will take place, but I notice you state "dress informal." If the party is any time from 5 p.m. onwards I suggest you wear a ballerina-length dress, perhaps one made in some type of beige sheer and worn with a narrow gold kid belt and gold accessories. Later, the dress could be worn with all white or all black accessories. For luncheon or an afternoon tea party it would be correct to wear an afternoon dress, street length, with some type of pretty hat. For the latter you could choose any color you like and find flattering, or you might decide on a print; both stripes and spots are in fashion for summer.

Pastels for bride

"I AM to be married very soon, and as I am not wearing a bridal gown I would appreciate your advice about a color scheme. I have golden brown hair a little bit on the mousey side, and blue eyes. I have set my heart on all pastel tones, and favor mist-blue for the dress, but can't think of colors for accessories. As I am being married in a street dress, would it be correct for me to carry flowers?"

If you decide on mist-blue for your dress, rose-beige and grey would be appropriate colors for accessories. Have the hat, gloves, and handbag in rose-beige and shoes in grey. It will be quite correct for you to wear or carry flowers. However, as you are being married in a street dress, don't choose anything too elaborate. A simple corsage of gardenias would be charming.

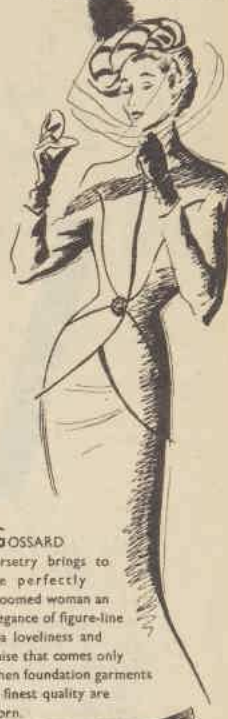
Cover-up jacket

"I HAVE a pretty sundress made with a flared skirt and a strapless bodice finished with a shirred band. It looks nice sunbaking, but I feel it is far too bare for anything else. Would you suggest an alteration to make it more covered?"

Leave the dress just as it is, and for extra coverage add a matching shoulder-hugging cape scarf, a ruffled shawl, or a long stole. Or perhaps you might prefer the idea of a short matching bolero jacket. If you decide on the latter idea, have it made with short semi-fitting bat sleeves (no pads at the shoulders) and a double-breasted fastening.

The lady with a line

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For Beauty!

Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 15, 1949



Beauty cream guide

● There are so many face creams on the market, under so many names, that even when they are intended to fulfil the same purpose you may be confused about the kind of cream you are getting and exactly what to do with it once you have bought it.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

ACTUALLY, though, it is not too difficult to find the answer to the question, "What kind of cream should I buy for my own skin, and what is it going to do for me?"

Everyone needs a cleansing or cold cream; even those who swear by soap and water benefit from alternate cleansing with a suitable cream.

Next on the list, and just as essential, is a lubricating cream. A dry skin needs regular nightly treatment, and even an oily skin at some time of the year develops roughened spots that benefit from a softening application.

Eighty per cent. or more of women who wear make-up need a foundation cream for protection and lubrication as well as to give a flattering finish to the complexion.

After this trio, the creams you need depend on individual problems.

If you think your skin is dull or sluggish looking, a circulation cream does wonders in giving it a temporary freshening.

If you have the very fine, thin skin that by its very nature is inclined to wrinkle, use an eye cream round the eyes before lines have a chance to set in.

Skin kept soft and smooth will not wrinkle as quickly as if it is dry and taut.

Where skin pores are large there are creams and pastes specially made to refine them.

The following cream guide is for the assistance of cream users. All existing creams are not mentioned, nor does every woman need all those listed, but it explains adequately, in a general way, the popular creams and their uses as a working basis for buying and using them to best advantage.

Cleansing Cream: Described as cleansing, cold, or liquefying cream.

Used generously over the face and throat, applied in an upward and outward direction, before every application of make-up, and always before retiring.

Suited to all skin types, liquefying creams are usually thought to be best for oily skins.

Lubricating Cream: Described as nourishing cream, skin food, tissue cream, anti-wrinkle cream, massage cream, night cream, special cream, hormone cream, emollient, or cold cream.

These creams are smoothed, patted, or moulded very gently with finger cushions all over the face and throat, and finger-printed under the eyes after thorough cleansing.

They are suitable for normal skin, for dry and sensitive skin, and for mature and wrinkled skin.

Foundation Cream: Described as make-up base, foundation cream, sometimes vanishing cream.

Small amounts are dotted over the face and neck, smoothed in lightly but thoroughly with the finger-tips (sometimes dampened) until evenly spread. Always used before make-up.

Required by all but very young skins. Foundation creams are especially differentiated for dry and oily skins.

Circulation Cream: Described as skin-clearing cream, bleaching cream, circulation cream.

Applied over the entire face and throat in the manner of a mask, omitting the eyelids and tender under-eye areas, and allowed to remain on for between 15 and 30 minutes. This treatment is always followed with a lubricating cream.

Suited to oily and sallow skins, coarse or mature skin, freckled or unevenly tanned skin.

Acne Cream: Described as medicated cream, acne cream, or healing cream.

The preparation is spread over the blemished area, according to specific instructions.

Used on complexions affected with bumps, pimples, eruptions, and incipient blemishes.

Pore Cream: Described as open-pore cream, pore paste, and black-head paste.

An oily skin preparation, the cream is smoothed over the open-pore area after thorough cleansing. The paste preparations are usually used instead of soap for blackhead removal, and to correct pore functioning.

Eye Cream: Called eye-wrinkle cream and simply eye cream.

This preparation is patted in very gently with finger cushions under and around the eyes and across the eyelids, every night or during rest period.

Suited to skin with incipient wrinkles and crow's-feet, also thin and dry skins; and to wear out of doors under sunglasses to keep squint lines from developing into grooves.

EXERCISE STRENGTHENS MUSCLES

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IF the abdominal muscles are toned up by correct use of the body in housework, walking, and other properly regulated activity, including special exercises during the pre-natal period, no artificial support should be needed.

However, a very simply made maternity belt, properly adjusted, is

helpful and often relieves pressure during the latter part of pregnancy.

Instructions for making this simple belt can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Fashion Flashes

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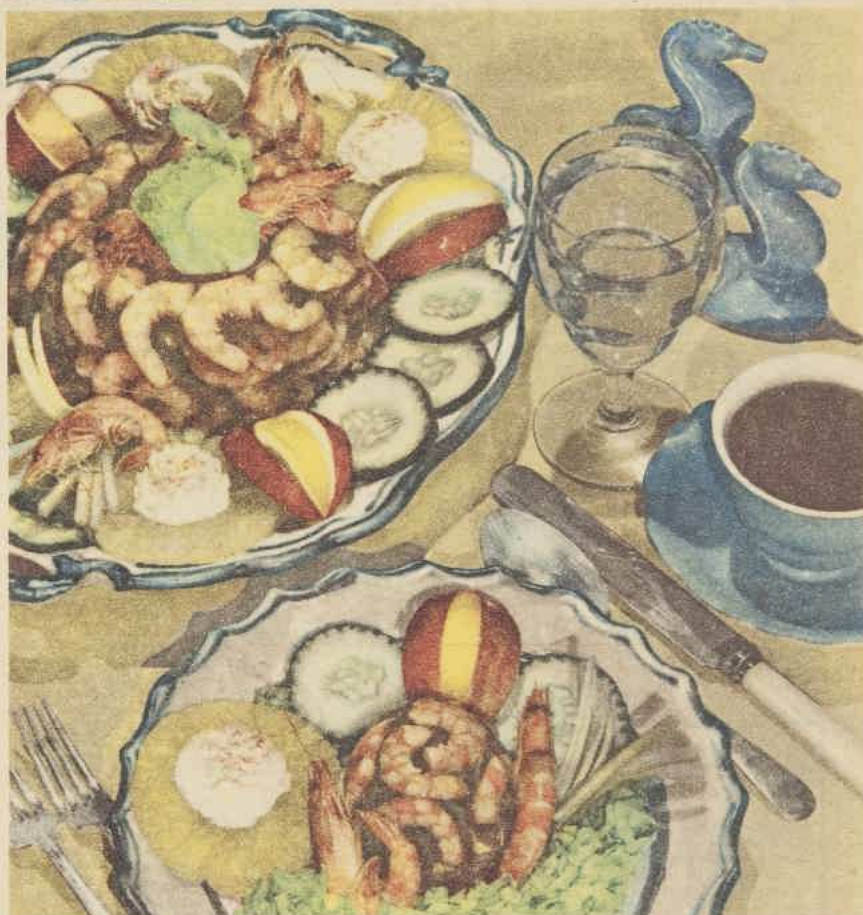
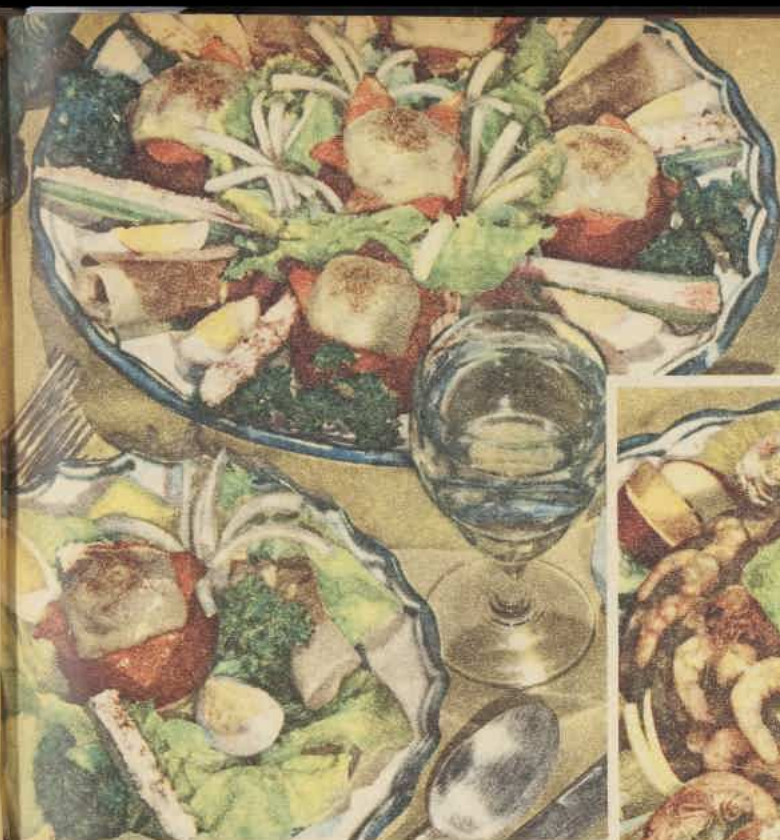


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For Summer Evenings



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

HOT weather dishes illustrated on this page are easy to eat, down to the last morsel.

Seafoods are included among the salads, and for the sake of those who prefer hot food, even in hot weather, there is an appetising savory steak grill and a dish of scalloped carrots.

The carrots may be prepared in individual ramekins and served as an entree before either of the salads illustrated.

Insert point of knife under skin and loosen gently so that skin may be curled back. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add gradually to mayonnaise. When beginning to thicken, spoon gently over top of each tomato, allow to set. Arrange tomatoes in centre of platter, surround with lettuce leaves, rolled meat, quartered hard-boiled eggs, celery sticks stuffed with cream cheese, and celery curls. Extra mayonnaise may be served separately.

Instead of the large platter, individual salad plates may be arranged as illustrated.

PRAWNS IN LEMON ASPIC

(See Color Photograph)

One pound shelled prawns, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 pint cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 thin slice of onion, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 sprigs parsley. For garnishing: Shredded lettuce, sliced pineapple, cream cheese, wedges of lemon and unpeeled apple, sliced cucumber, curled celery, a few unshelled prawns.

Soak gelatine in hot water. Place cold water, lemon juice, vinegar, onion, cloves, salt, sugar, and parsley into small enamel-lined saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 3 or 4 minutes, strain. Add dissolved gelatine, allow to become cold. Set a thin layer in bottom of wetted mould. Arrange pattern of shelled prawns, add sufficient jelly to hold (but not float) prawns. Chill. When balance of jelly is beginning to thicken, fold in remaining prawns. Fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to shredded lettuce, decorate platter with garnishing ingredients.

If desired, individual servings may be set in small moulds as illustrated.

SUMMER SALAD PLATTER

(See Color Photograph)

Thinly sliced rolled ham or luncheon sausage, hard-boiled eggs, celery sticks, cream cheese, lettuce leaves, celery curls, tomatoes, 1 cup mayonnaise, 11 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, paprika.

Wash and dry tomatoes. With sharp, stainless knife or salad knife, carefully slit skin of tomatoes halfway down to base in 4 places.

CHILLED SOUSED FISH

One and a half to 2 lb. fish fillets, 1 sliced onion, 1 teaspoon herbs, 3 or 4 peppercorns and cloves, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon diced red pepper, 1 cup white vinegar, 1 cup water, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Wash fillets in salted water, rinse in clean cold water, dry. Place in greased ovenware dish. Cover with thinly sliced onion, sprinkle with the herbs, spice, salt, and diced red pepper. Add peppercorns and cloves. Pour vinegar and water over, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F., gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes according to thickness of fillets—fish should be white and tender. Allow to cool, then chill thoroughly before serving with lemon and parsley garnish.

CHILLED SALAD CREAM SOUP

Half cup grated carrot, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 cup green peas, 2 cups thin white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon finely diced shallot, 1 teaspoon sugar, chopped parsley.

Place carrot, celery, and peas in small saucepan with warm water to barely cover. Simmer until peas are tender. Fold vegetables and liquor into sauce, add all other ingredients. Chill thoroughly, sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM

Three tablespoons cornflour, 1 pint milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2 eggs, 1 to 1 cup chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk, brown

ATTRACTIVE SERVICE, either on one large platter or on individual plates, makes summer salads as good to look at as they are refreshing to eat. See recipes for summer salad platter (top) and prawns in lemon aspic (illustrated). N.B.: All spoon measurements level in these recipes.

sugar and margarine or butter. Stir steadily over medium heat (using a wooden spoon) until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes, cool slightly, fold in beaten egg-yolks, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to boil. When slightly cooled, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and nuts. Turn into wetted mould, chill before serving with or without stewed fruit.

THREE-FRUIT SHERBET

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 cup strained orange juice, 1 cup strained lemon juice, 1 cup mashed banana pulp, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 egg-white, pinch salt.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, bring slowly to boil, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add gelatine dissolved in hot water, then orange and lemon juice. When quite cold stir in banana pulp and lemon or orange rind. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze 1 to 1 hour or until mixture begins to firm around edges. Turn into basin, whip until fluffy. Lightly fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with salt. Return to trays, freeze 3 or 4 hours longer. Serve topped with chopped nuts or cherries or strawberries.

SCALLOPED CARROTS

One bunch carrots, 2 small onions, 1 cup shredded cheese, 2 cups bread-crumbs, 1 pint white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Scrape and wash carrots, cut into rings or strips. Simmer, with sliced onions, in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Place carrots and onions in greased ovenware dish, alternating layers of vegetable with sauce, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, cheese, and parsley. Top with layer of crumbs and cheese. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F., gas, 450deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

GRILLED MARINATED STEAK

One and a half pounds fillet steak, 1 teaspoon salad or olive oil, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, salt, cayenne pepper, thick tomato slices, potato straws, parsley.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces, place on flat plate. Put a little shallot on each piece, sprinkle with salt and pepper and the oil and lemon juice mixed together. Allow to stand 1 hour. Grill 12 to 15 minutes. Serve on hot dish, top each piece of steak with a thick slice of grilled tomato. Arrange potato straws on dish, garnish with parsley.

DID YOU KNOW?

- Curdled mayonnaise (caused by overheating) can be restored to a creamy consistency by pouring it slowly on to an egg-yolk, stirring one way only with a wooden spoon.
- Split celery lengths and split radishes curl more easily and quickly if immersed in iced water.
- Peaches or pears can be peeled quickly, and without waste, by immersing fruit for 2 minutes in boiling water, dipping in cold, then gently rubbing skin off with the fingers.
- It is not wise to double quantities of salt and pepper when doubling a recipe. Add sparingly at first, then taste before adding more.
- Sweetening homemade orange or lemon drinks with sugar is not economical. Make a jar of sugar syrup for sweetening by boiling 2 cups sugar with 1 cup water for 10 minutes. Then cool and bottle for use when required.
- Diced papaw heated gently in its own juice (plus a little butter or bacon fat), then sprinkled with chopped parsley and lemon juice, is delicious with a grill.



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£10 prize for savory

DANISH fritadelle, made half-size and allowed to become quite cold, makes appetising morsels for buffet-style supper or cocktail parties.

If caramel icing on the date and nut cake proves too rich, a lemon-flavored warm icing may be substituted.

Recipes of all types are welcomed in our weekly contest; send in your latest culinary success—it may win you a cash prize of £10.

Remember that all spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

Successful results depend on accurate measuring.

DANISH FRITADELLE

One pound (topside steak (or a mixture of veal and pork), 1 onion, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon hot water, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, fat for frying.

Put meat and peeled onion through mincer twice. Place into large basin. Add flour, a little at a time, until completely absorbed. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat yolks lightly. Add gradually to meat mixture, then add pepper and water. Beat egg-whites very stiffly, with salt, fold into meat. Mixture should be fluffy and sufficiently soft to drop from spoon. Drop a spoonful at a time into deep, fuming fat. Reduce heat, cook 4 or 5 minutes on each side. Drain on kitchen paper, serve hot with browned onion gravy.

First Prize of £10 to Miss R. Taylor, Flat 8, 550 Toorak Rd., Toorak, Vic.

DEEP-DISH PEACH AND ALMOND PIE

Ten to 12 small fresh peaches, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons tapioca (soaked, then cooked in very small quantity water until almost clear), 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 7 or 8 split blanched almonds, 4oz. shortcrust or biscuit pastry.

Peel and slice peaches, place in ovenware dish. Add sugar, water, almond essence, lemon juice, salt, and tapioca mixed together until sugar is almost dissolved. Mix lightly with peaches. Dot top with butter, add almonds. Roll pastry on floured board. Cover pie, first moistening edge of dish. Trim edges of pastry, slit into wedges for easier serving. Brush lightly with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Reduce heat to 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric, and cook a further 25 to 30 minutes until fruit is tender. Serve hot with almond-flavored custard or cold with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Thorpe, George St., Moonta, S.A.

SUMMER THIRST-QUENCHERS

Apricot Syrup: Three pounds apricots, 8 cups sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 pints water.

Wash apricots, split, remove stones. Place in saucepan with sugar, lemon juice, and water. Stir



SHORTCRUST or biscuit pastry used to top deep-dish peach and almond pie looks most attractive if slit into wedge-shaped pieces before cooking. Serving is easier, too. See prize recipe.

until sugar dissolves. Simmer 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain, bring syrup to boil again, fill into clean, dry, hot bottles. Dilute before serving with iced water, chilled soda water, or lemonade. Reserve fruit pulp for filling tarts.

Orange Syrup: One pint strained orange juice, grated rind of 1 large orange and lemon, juice of 2 lemons, 1lb. sugar.

Boil all ingredients 15 minutes, strain and bottle. Dilute if desired with iced water or soda water.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. McSharry, Cole St., Ayr, Qld.

DATE AND NUT CAKE WITH CARAMEL ICING

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1lb. chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in dates and walnuts, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes, turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, coat with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place all ingredients except vanilla into saucepan, stir over low heat until butter is melted. Boil steadily 4 to 6 minutes without stirring. Take off stove, allow to cool slightly. Add vanilla, beat until thick, spread quickly over cake. Decorate with walnut halves if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Glossop, 24 Wigram Rd., Austinmer, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE COCONUT ROUGHS

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, little milk if necessary.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in coconut, nuts and dates, then sifted dry ingredients. Add milk if necessary, to make a mixture of dropping consistency. Drop in small spoonfuls on to greased oven-tray, spacing well. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray, store in airtight tin. Makes approximately two dozen.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Duck, Jun., 148 Carrington St., West Maitland, N.S.W.



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BUTTERFLY SPONGE CAKE A COUNTRY RECIPE

4 Eggs, 1 Cup Castor Sugar, 1½ Cups Self-Raising Flour containing
"Aerophos", 4 Tablespoons Boiling Water, 1 Dessertspoon
butter, 3 Level Teaspoons Grated Orange Rind.
Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Whisk the egg
whites to a stiff froth, adding the sugar gradually and beating until
thick and smooth. Whisk in the yolks one at a time. Sift the
flour three times. Fold the flour with an upward and over move-
ment. Do not stir! Fold in the hot water, in which the butter
has been melted and to which has been added the orange rind.
Pour the mixture evenly into three seven inch sandwich tins and
bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for from 20 to 25 minutes.
DO NOT OPEN THE OVEN DOOR FOR AT LEAST
FIFTEEN MINUTES. Turn out onto clean cloth. When cold
join together with orange-flavoured filling.

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1 Egg, ½ Cup Sugar, ½ Cup Milk, ½ Teaspoon Vanilla Essence
1 Cup Self-Raising Flour containing "Aerophos"
1 Tablespoon Melted Butter or Margarine.
Separate yolk from white of egg. Beat white stiffly, whisk
in sugar gradually and then egg yolk. Stir in milk and
essence. Stir in flour and melted butter. Cook in a greased
seven inch sandwich tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for
20 to 25 minutes. While hot brush with butter
and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Serve
with butter or any of the berry jams.

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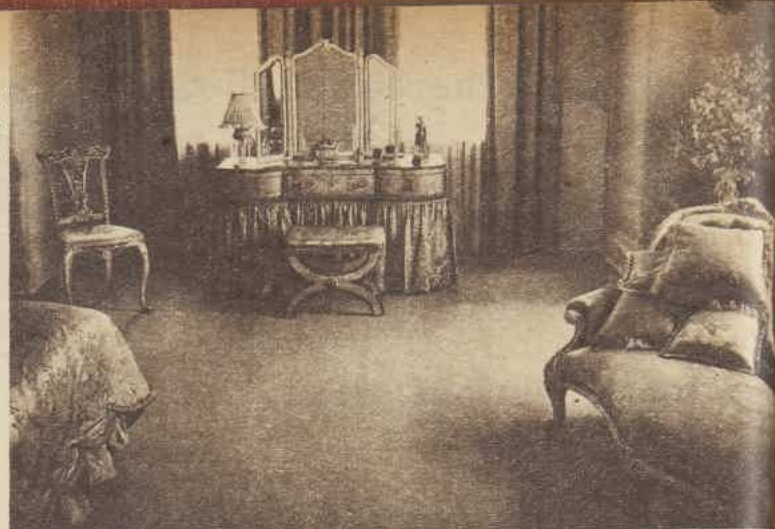


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VIEW of Mrs. Avery's lovely main bedroom, which has palest blue-grey walls, soft wedgwood-blue carpet, and orchid satin for the bed - covers and dressing-table flounce, top of stool, and the charming chaise longue with baby pillows in pastel colors. Bed side tables, chaise longue, and chair are French antique ivory.



Charming decor in Toorak home

By EVE GYE

IN twelve months Mr. and Mrs. Eric Avery, of Myoora Road, Toorak, have remodelled a solid but somewhat shabby house into a charming home.

The outside has been painted white and green, and a new, high wall separates the garden from the street. The wall not only ensures privacy, but provides a wind-break for flowering annuals and perennials.

Mrs. Avery's choice of color-scheme for the interior shows skill and artistry. The loveliest room of all is the main bedroom.

In addition to its length, a wide triple-windowed bay gives it extra width, and adds to the spacious effect.

Walls are palest blue-grey, and furnishings are in orchid-pink and softest wedgwood-blue.

The bed (notice the picture on this page) is low, exceptionally wide, and is covered with a heavy, self-patterned orchid satin, with padded and studded bedhead to match.

The dressing-table wears a skirt of the same orchid satin.

Delicate blue marquise window curtains are flanked by heavy satin drapes. Occasional furniture is antique ivory.

Mrs. Avery has set apart a large room adjacent to the entrance hall and utility section as a nursery for two-year-old Edwina and baby Perdita. This room opens directly on to the terrace and garden, and is within half a dozen steps of both sitting-room and kitchen.

Another charming spot is the sunny morning-room, which has deep windows and overlooks front and side gardens.

This is a favorite room of the Averages, and is furnished for cosy comfort and relaxation.

LOW, WIDE BED has studded bedhead to match the covers of self-patterned orchid satin. The bedside tables are French antique ivory. Decorative lamps have softest blue shades.



ENTRANCE HALL, above, has palest duck-egg green walls, deep green carpet. Open doors show ground-floor nursery (left) and sitting-room with French doors leading on to terrace and garden.

SITTING-ROOM (right) has creamy walls and ceiling with a hint of lime, sage-green carpeting, and heavy lime satin curtains to windows and French doors. Fireplace is painted to match the walls.





STREET VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Avery's home, 6 Myoora Road, Toorak. Gable windows, above canopied entrance, look out from main bedroom.

MORNING-ROOM, shown left, with comfortably upholstered chairs in off-white linen, patterned in pastel roses. A soft green carpet covers the floor. Walls are delicately toned mushroom-pink, with curtains of a deeper shade.

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TO remove print from flour bags, rinse in clear, cold water till all flour is removed. While damp, rub on as much soap as possible to the branded part. Put on to boil (in cold water), and boil until all the brand disappears. A second application of soap may be necessary. If the bag is washed and dried prior to this treatment the brand will be set.



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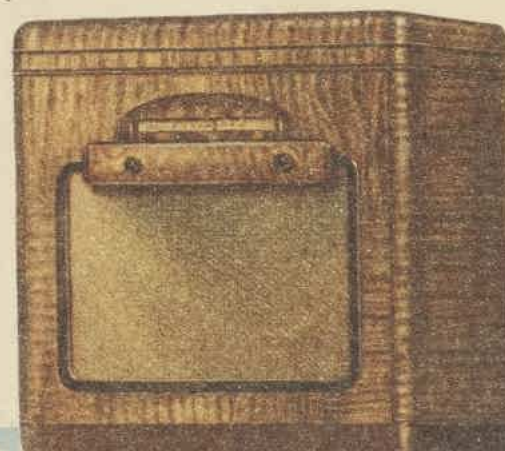


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COFFEE-TABLE ARRANGEMENT by Mrs. M. Houghton comprises pink and creamy roses, mauve-blue cinerarias, and mauve-blue babiana.

SIMPLE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS...

● The charming flower pieces pictured here were arranged by first year students of the floral art classes at the Sydney Y.W.C.A.

CHOOSE flowers as carefully as you would your clothes. Add accessories for interest—a candlestick, a porcelain figure, or unusual piece of bric-a-brac.

● Dwarfed, imperfect flowers are often as attractive as perfect specimens—and far less expensive.

● In winter, yellows, oranges, and bright, gay colors warm a cold, dark room; in summer, blues and mauves are coolest.

● Balance, design, and color are important. Regardless of height, there must be an equal distribution of weight—a trailing stem is balanced by massed flowers and leaves, or, as the Japanese have it, arrangement on the three levels—earth, man, and heaven.

● Triangular designs are simple and effective and are widely used for mantelpiece arrangements.

● For wall vases above eye-level choose trailing vines or stems that fall.

● Remember that you will be looking down into the bowl on your coffee table. A Victorian-style posy is most effective here.

● Mixed vases are most attractive and can be used for any arrangement. Leaves, fruits, and seedpods are long-lasting and unusual, either as accessories or part of the arrangement.



ABOVE: Poppies and nasturtiums in yellow and orange-reds in pottery wall vase with nasturtium leaves, arranged by Mrs. R. Pitterway and Miss L. Bonamy.

LEFT: Tall pottery vase holds a mixture of blooms, yellow and mauve-blue predominating. Arranged by Mrs. M. Wade and Mrs. M. Parsons.

Planning the new home garden

● Thousands of new homes are going up all over Australia, and thousands of people, new to gardening, are making all sorts of mistakes. So here are some tips on planning and planting... BY OUR HOME GARDENER

VISUALISE complete home surroundings before you start. Plan your "dream" garden first, then let every effort and every penny spent be another step in the realisation of that dream.

● If you can afford it, consult a landscape gardener trained to think in terms of completed plans for small homes. To those who cannot afford this expenditure, get a good book on the subject, and then try to follow out the advice given as to planning the important features of the garden. These will include staking out the tree locations, marking out lawn and drying areas, play-places for children, vegetable garden, parking space for car, flowerbeds and bush-house.

● Budget your garden's development by spreading the load over the years. Don't try to do too much at one time if the purse is slim. Even lawn-laying costs money, so build for permanence in this direction. Get trees in early—they take years to grow before they will cast shade.

● Plant shrubs to hide foundations and climbers to hide fences and bare walls. Plant hedges and shrub or tree screens for privacy, bearing in mind that privet and similar species that need regular weekly clipping will add greatly to your work. Establish garden features, such as pools, seats, tables, pergolas, arches, rockeries.

● Don't buy too many plants at one time, and buy well-grown, healthy plants. You can save money by buying small shrubs and trees and looking after them until they are established. Big trees often die—unless you are skilful in later handling.

● Buy long-lived plants that grow bigger each year. Choose those that require little maintenance and are not subject to pests and diseases. Get a good gardening book that will tell the names of these plants, shrubs, and trees. Natives are excellent for this purpose because they are accustomed to caring for themselves.

● Plant one or two shade trees. They improve your home surround-

ings, break winds, and offer birds homes and protection.

● Flowering trees add greatly to the beauty of your home. Plant them generously, but allow for their natural expansion and do not plant too closely.

● Allow all shrubs and trees growing space.

● Make good use of vines. They do much to beautify the fences, walls, and out-buildings—and are cheaper than shrubs because you need fewer of them.

● Don't let your purchases break the bank. Big rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias, and similar evergreens cost a lot of money. You can buy baby specimens—and get a lot of fun watching them grow up.

● Grow plants from seed. You can fill the average garden for 5/-, this applying to both flowers and vegetables.

● Make a compost heap and use all the household and garden rubbish. It is far cheaper than manure.

● Make full use of your State Department of Agriculture, which employs entomologists, plant pathologists, lawn experts, vegetable experts, and horticultural specialists who can give you free advice on pest and disease control, what to plant, when to plant, and how to plant—and will supply you with free pamphlets on most subjects.

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